Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23RD 1828. [NUMBER 1976.

The Governor requests that the Gentlemen of His Majesty's and the Hon'ble Company's Services, at the Presidency will honor him with their Company at a Ball and Supper this Evening, the 23d Instant, at 9 o'Clock, in Celebration of His Majesty's Birth day.

R. E. BURROWES,
Captain A. D. C.

PARELL HOUSE,
16th *April* 1828.

NOTICE.

THE Attendance of Gentlemen Summoned on the PETIT JURY, will not be Required till Saturday the 26th Instant, when it is particularly requested they will be at the TOWN HALL at a quarter before Ten o'Clock on the Morning of that day.

F. LEGGETT,
DEPUTY SHERIFF.

BOMBAY,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
22nd *April* 1828.

NOTICE.

HIS Majesty's Sloop FLY remaining unsold, notice is hereby given, that she will be disposed of by Public Auction, at His Majesty's Naval Arsenal, on Saturday the 10th of May, at one o'clock, on the terms originally named in former Advertisements.

By order of His Excellency the Naval Commander in Chief,
JOHN POLLEXFEN,
H. M. Master Shipwright.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per sett	Rs.	" 2 "
Powers of Attorney, each	"	" 2 "
Interest Bonds, do.	"	" 2 "
Respondentia Bonds do.	"	" 1 "
Policies of Insurance . do.	"	" 1 "
Bills of Lading per set	"	" 2 "
Price Currents each	"	" 2 "

Bombay, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 24th Instant.

ENGLISH Plate, Consisting of Table and Dessert Forks, Table Dessert and Tea Spoons, Gravy Spoons, Soup Ladles &c.

Vindegrave, St. Juliens CLARET, Sauterne and Frontignac.

FRENCH PERFUMERY

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

TWO BUGGIES,
WITH
Horses
AND HARNESS.

A GREY NUDJEE ARAB
Saddle Horse
Height 14-1½
A HALF ARAB
COLT,
3 Years Old,
A HALF ARAB
Saddle Horse
Rising 5 Years Old,
AND A
PONY.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs.

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 24th Instant.

A DOUBLE barrelled Detonating Gun, in a case by Fersyth, New Blue and White Dinner Sets of Earthenware, Enamelled Ditto, a variety of Articles of Glass Ware, Fine Holland, Tapes and Bobbin, and numerous uncleared Lots.

AT ONE O'CLOCK

A CALCUTTA BUILT
SHIGRAMPOE,
A NEAT
CURRICLE
WITH SHIFTING SHAFTS
AND
CURRICLE HARNESS,
A SERVICEABLE
ENGLISH BUILT
BUGGY
AND A CAPITAL
ARAB
SADDLE HORSE.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
ELEGANT NEW
ROSEWOOD AND MAHOGANY
COTTAGE
PIANOFORTES.
BY BUTCHER.

HANDSOMELY inlaid with brass ornaments, with extra sets of Strings and neat Chintz Covers, thickly wadded to protect the Instrument from the Climate

PRICE EACH Rs. 800

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

TICKETS in the 2ND CALCUTTA LOTTERY of 1828, are now for Sale at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS, Rampart Row, Price Bombay Rs. 120.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.
A LIGHT LONDON BUILT,
PHAETON
WITH SHIFTING SHAFTS
A SET OF DOUBLE
HARNESS,
AND A PAIR OF
STEADY
ARAB HORSES,
One of which
CARRIES A LADY,
PRICE Rs. 1400:
OR THE
Horses and Harness,
Rs 1,000.
ALSO
A GREY ARAB
Parade Horse
VERY STEADY
PRICE Rs. 400.
AND GIBSON'S,
Side Saddle,
Not more than once or twice used
WITH A BLUE
SHABRAQUE
PRICE Rs, 120.

Meadows Street, 16th *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A NEW
ENGLISH BUILT
DENNET
AND HARNESS.
JUST IMPORTED
PRICE Rs. 1300.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
LOCH FINE
HERRINGS.
JUST IMPORTED PER CATHERINE
In Kegs Containing about one Hundred,
PRICE PER KEG Rs. 5.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
FASHIONABLE
LONDON MADE
JEWELLERY.

CONSISTING of rich Gold Armlets, Crosses, Filagree, Garnet and Chrysolite Necklace &c. Gold Thimbles, Earrings, Mosaic Gold, Platina and Silver Watch Guards, and a variety of Rings &c.

AT MODERATE PRICES.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
VERY OLD
LONDON [illegible]
MADEIRA.
Rs. 16 PER DOZEN.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
ANOTHER SUPPLY OF
VELNOS
VEGETABLE SYRUP.

SO JUSTLY celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Leprosy, Scurvy, Scorbutic Eruptions, and many other Deseases, which are fully described in a hand bill that accompany the bottle.

PRICE RS. 20.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
VERY STOUT
LONGCLOTH,
SUITABLE FOR
SHEETS OR PANTALOONS.
Price per Piece of 40 Yards
RUPEES 14.

Meadows Street, 23rd *April* 1828.

This Day,

WEDNESDAY the 23rd April.

FRITH
Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
AT THEIR ROOMS
THE FOLLOWING GOODS

RICH Imitation Shawls and Scarfs, unbleached Madapolams Cotton Handkerchiefs, very fine Scotch Cambrics, Chintzes of various colours and patterns, Mull Muslin, Bengal Turbans, Long Cloth, and a variety of Piece Goods Hats, and Tailors Irons, Saucepans a few Chests of Gum Benjamin, some articles of Household Furniture, Masulepatam Snuff, Rum Shrub, a Saddle and Bridle, and numerous other articles.

AT NOON
WILL BE PUT UP
TWO ARAB HORSES

Recently imported, one a Chesnut 4 years old 14 1, high, sound and quiet.

The other a Bay with Black Points 4 years old, 14 hands high (neither of them ever in the hands of a dealer.)

A
COW AND CALF

And at 4 P. M. they will sell on the Apollo Green two Single Pole Tents.

Nesbit Lane, 23rd *April* 1828.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT 30TH INST.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION

A QUANTITY of partially damaged Broad Cloths, on account of those concerned the same are of Superior quality, colours Scarlet, Blue, Olive and Black, and are now on view at their Rooms.

Nesbit Lane 23rd *April* 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.

AN Iron Camp Bedstead quite new and completely fitted price Rs 150.

ALSO.

A complete set of Marryats Signals with Book Rs. 140.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

A NEW Fashionable STANHOPE builte xpressly to order by Hy. Jos. HALL, LONGACRE of the best Town Materials and Workmanship, with Shifting Hood, Brass Mounted Harness and complete just landed from the Ship *Exmouth*.

PRICE RUPEES 1600.

Nesbit Lane, 23rd April 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

PRIME Westphalia HAMS at ¼ Rupee per lb. and PINE CHEESE at the same price.

ALSO,

A few Kegs of salted SHEEP'S TONGUES, at 12 Rs. per Keg.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION.

AN assortment of beautifully fine Spiders Web Lady's STOCKINGS, Worked Dresses, and Cotton Bed Trimmings, at moderate prices.

Nesbit Lane, 18th April 1828.

A CARD.

WANTED for a Regimental Mess stationed at Rajkote a Mess Man of respectability, for Particulars—Apply to FRITH BOMANJEE & CO.

Nesbit Lane, 23rd April 1828.

FOR SALE

CARBONEL AND SON'S

CLARET,

AT THE

WAREHOUSE,

OF

Framjee Cowasjee,

A FEW half, and Quarter Chests of Carbonel's first Growth or English CLARET (in order to close the concern) at 40 Rupees per dozen and a few Quarter Chests of ditto second Growth CLARET, at 30 Rupees per dozen.—Terms Cash.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

NOTICE.

MR. ARCHIBALD INGLIS having been appointed the Agent at Bombay of the HOPE INSURANCE COMPANY of CALCUTTA, Policies of Insurance will be granted by him on the usual terms, on application at his Office.

(2) *Bombay, 23rd April* 1828.

TO BE LET

FOR Twelve months, with immediate possession, A Lower roomed BUNGALOW situated in Mazagon opposite to JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY'S Garden—For further particulars, apply to NOWROJEE MODEE, next door to the *Bombay Hotel*.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of JOHN WATTS deceased, late a Captain in the Military Service of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies on their Bombay Establishment, may be granted to MARTIN WEST Esq. Registrar of the said Court, all Persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 2nd day of April 1828.

H. E. SOUTHOUSE,
PROCTOR.

WINES

FOR SALE AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

MESSRS. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

SPARKLING Champaigne		Rs. 40 to 60	per doz.
Harper and Bell's 1st Growth Claret.	in half and quarter Chests.	40	ditto.
Do. 2d do.		30	ditto.
Madeira (Keirs and Co. in Wood		700	per pipe.
Do. in Bottle		24	per doz.
Fine Old Port Wine in half Chests		24	ditto.
Sherry (Butler and Sons) in ditto		26	ditto.
Real Highland Whisky		30	ditto.

Sercial in Pints, Barsac, Vin de Grave, and Superior old Vidonia, Muscatel, &c.

Sherry (MAXWELL & KEYS) in half Chests	30	ditto.
Port ditto	28	ditto.
Ditto in Pints	15	ditto.
Clarets from Ditto	40	ditto.
And a few dozen of superior Burgundy	75	ditto.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

WINE ON SALE

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

MESSRS. FORBES AND CO.

A FEW Six dozen Cases of Palmer's CLARET just arrived per *Exmouth* ..... Rs. 28 per dozen

Fine White Sparkling.
Champagne....." 40 per do.

French Claret (St. Julien.
Medoc of 1822)....." 14 Per do.

London Particular Madeira from (Keirs and Co). imported in 1816 and has been two years in Bottle....." 30 per dozen

Ditto from EDWARDS and Co. imported in 1822....." 250 per Pipe.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828

ON SALE,

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

MESSRS. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

(RECEIVED PER SHIP EXMOUTH,)

VERY superior White SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE, in cases of 3 and 6 dozen each,.....at 40 Rs. per doz. Fine PALE SHERRY, in Butts.....at 900 Rs. per Butt

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

FOR SALE,

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

MESSRS. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

SODA WATER in Pint Bottles, from SCHWEPPE'S of London in Casks of 6 dozen each at Six Rupees per dozen.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

MESSRS. P. STEWART AND CO.

A VERY handsome London Built STANHOPE, will a Set of BRASS MOUNTED HARNESS.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

Nowrojee Nasserwanjee Modee

BEGS most respectfully to inform his Customers that he has lately received for Sale at his Shop, the undermentioned articles, viz.

Several Sets of Ivory balanced Handled Knives and Forks complete with Box, at 40 Rs. per set.

Port Wine from Hunt and Co., at 22 Rs. per Dozen.

Hollands Gin,—at 12 Rs. per Dozen

Boat Cloaks, of two kinds, from 24 to 27 Rs. each.

Hoffman's Jams and Jellies, at 8 Rs. per jar.

Do. Bottled Fruit for Tarts, at 24 Rs. per Dozen.

Seidlitz and Soda Powder, at 5 Rs. per Box.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

GEORGE OSBORN AND CO.

COMMISSION AGENTS,

Have the pleasure to submit to the notice of

MESSES, FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

RESIDENT IN THE INTERIOR.

THE following fine and fresh SUPPLIES, which they can procure at the prices stated, viz.

Madeira Wine L. P. in Pipe, at		Rs. 600 and 700
Do.	per Doz.	18 and 24 Rs
Sherry Wine	do. at	24 and 28 do
Port Wine	do. at	18 24 & 28 do
Vin de Grave	do. at	20 and 24 do.
Champaigne L M.	do. at	40 and 50 do.
Clarets L M.	do. at	30 and 36 do.
Brandy L M.	do. at	15 and 18 do.
Hodgson's Pale Ale	do. at	9 ....do.
Cheeses, Pine, Gloucester &c	lb. at	1¼ and 1½ do.
Hams, York and Westphalia	do. at	¼ 50 do. ¼ do.

WITH Oilman's Stores and Confectionary of all kinds.

G. O. and Co. will faithfully and punctually execute all commissions entrusted to their management, and will be glad to receive, and if possible comply with, proposals for payment by monthly remittances.

Regimental Canteens and up-country Stores, supplied on the most reasonable terms.

Bombay, No. 7, Forbes Street, 23rd April 1828.

A CARD.

THOMAS MATHIES,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform the Gentlemen of the Presidency and its Dependencies, that any Orders he may be favoured with in the Manufacturing branches of Gold and SILVER REGIMENTAL ORNAMENTS &c. will be punctually attended to, and executed in a superior style of workmanship.

No. 7. Forbes Street, 23rd April 1828.

THOMAS MATHIES,

CHRONOMETER, WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER,

HAS RECEIVED,

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A BOX Chronometer, by John Arnold and Son,
A Box Chronometer, by McLachlan and Westwood,
A Silver Chronometer, by Brockbank,
A Gold Chronometer by Arnold,
and
A Gold Chronometer, by D. and W. Morice.

No. 7, Forbes Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT on Friday next the 25th day of April Instant, will be put up by Public Auction at 5 o'Clock in the Afternoon, a DWELLING HOUSE belonging to the late MARIA FERNANDES, deceased of Bombay, situated in the Oart Zarboth belonging to MR. PHILLIP DE LEMOS.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

SECOND LOTTERY OF 1828, FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CITY OF CALCUTTA.

SCHEME:

1 Prize of		100,000
1 Ditto of		50,000
2 Ditto of 20,000 each		40,000
4 Ditto of 10,000 ditto		40,000
8 Ditto of 5,000 ditto		40,000
15 Ditto of 2,000 ditto		30,000
25 Ditto of 1,000 ditto		25,000
50 Ditto of 500 ditto		25,000
700 Ditto of 100 ditto		70,000
106 Prizes		4,20,000
Applicable to the purposes of the Lottery,		80,000
4194 Blanks.		
5000 Tickets		5,00,000

CONDITIONS.

1st. The Tickets will be sent to the Bank of Beugal for Sale, at 100 Sicca Rupees each.

2d. The 700 Prizes of 100 Rupees each, will be drawn on the 1st Day's Drawing, and should any Tickets remain unsold after that day, the holder of the Tickets which may be drawn, will be entitled to exchange them for undrawn Tickets, at the original Price of 100 Sicca Rupees each, is claimed prior to the 2d Day of Drawing, after which the Price of unsold Tickets will be raised to 54 Rs. 105 each, or to such further sum as the Committee may think proper to direct, with reference to the state of the Wheels; should, the Prizes of the 1st Day of Drawing will be paid in Cash, at the usual period.

3d. The 1st Day's Drawing will take place on Tuesday, the 1st July next; but the Lottery Committee reserve to themselves the power of commencing the Drawings at an earlier period, should they deem it expedient.

[redacted] carried to the [redacted] Lottery Funds, and appropriated to the purposes for which the Lotteries have been established.

(Signed) P. M. WYNCH, *Supdt. of Lotteries.*

Calcutta, the 28th March, 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO LONDON,

THE FINE NEW SHIP

LADY FAVERSHAM,

500 TONS,

George Adler,

COMMANDER.

THIS Ship is elegantly fitted up, and carries a regular Surgeon.

Apply to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON.

The Cleveland,

CAPTAIN HAVELOCK,

OF 450 TONS,

TO SAIL IN ALL THIS MONTH,

HAS good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.

For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO

Bombay 23rd April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO LIVERPOOL,

THE NEW BRIG

Gleniffer,

OF 318 TONS,

Robert Stevenson,

COMMANDER,

APPLY to Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO THE

MALABAR COAST, POINT DE GALLE, *AND MADRAS. OR TO CALCUTTA.*

SHOULD INDUCEMENT OFFER.

THE BOMBAY BUILT GRAB SHIP

SHAH BYRAMGORE,

Capt. W. Beyts,

BURTHEN 220 TONS.

TO SAIL on the 1st of May, ENQUIRE at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

For Passage to Clyde

THE WELL KNOWN

FAST SAILING BARQUE,

FORTUNE,

J. Gilkison,

COMMANDER.

HAS comfortable accommodation for a few Passengers, and will positevely be dispatched on Tuesday the 15th May.

Apply at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

For Passage to England,

THE FINE SHIP

LADY GORDON,

OF 300 TONS,

CAPT. JOHN BELL,

HAS good accommodations for a few Passengers, and will sail about the 1st of May.

Apply to Capt. BELL on board, or at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 23rd April 1828.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Honorable the Governor in Council

BOMBAY CASTLE, 10TH APRIL 1828.

No. 94 of 1828.—Lieutenant W. Trevelyan, of the 2d Regiment of Light Cavalry, is allowed leave of absence for a period of twelve months to proceed to the Neilgherry Hills for the benefit of his health.

No. 95 of 1828.—Captain J. S. Iredell, of the 15th Regiment N. I. having retired from the 24th April 1827, and Lieut. T. Ritherdon, of the Artillery, resigned the service from the 28th June 1825, as notified in the Honorable Court's commands of the 5th September last, the following alterations and promotions are made.

15th Regiment Native Infantry.

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

Captain W. Wilkie, and Lieut. J. E. Faikney to take rank in succession to Iredell retired,—Date of rank 25th April 1827.

PROMOTIONS.

Lieutenant P. Saunderson to be Captain, and Ensign A. Moir to be Lieut. in succession to Edsall deceased.—Do. Do. 2d October 1827.

Regiment of Artillery.

Supernumerary 1st Lieut. H. W. Hardie (deceased) brought on the effective strength, vice Ritherdon resigned 28th June 1825.

Supernumerary 1st Lieut. H. Sutton, do. vice Blachford deceased 21st July 1825.

Supernumerary 1st Lieutenant J. Grant, do. vice Hardie deceased 16th December 1825.

Supernumerary 1st Lieut. H. M. Webb, do. vice Gibson, in succession to Campbell promoted 31st May 1826.

Supernumerary 1st Lieutenant, E. A. Farquharson, do. vice Laurie, in succession to Moor promoted 23d September 1826.

Supernumerary 1st Lieut. C. Blood do. vice Smith deceased 30th December 1826.

Supernumerary 1st Lieut. R. Warden, do. vice J. S. Webb, deceased 20th May 1827.

Supernumerary 1st Lieutenant T. Cleather do. vice Cocke, in succession to Thew promoted 28th September 1827.

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

* 1st Lieutenant E. R. Prother to take rank vice Foy brought on the effective strength,—Date of rank 28th September 1827.

* 1st Lieutenant G. Hull, to take rank vice Watson, brought on the effective strength,—Do. Do.

At the recommendation of the Commander in-Chief Lieutenant W. J. Browne, of the 8th Regt. N. I. is appointed to the situation of Line Adjutant at Deesa, vice Saunderson promoted.

Bombay Castle, 10th April, 1828

No. 96 of 1828—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief, an order, issued on the 2d of January last, by the officer Commanding the Dooab Field Force, directing that on the arrival of the 1st European Regiment at Kolapoor, the 12th Regt. N. I. to be prepared to join, and both Regiments to proceed together to Sattarah under the command of Lieutenant Colonel J. Taylor, is confirmed.

Bombay Castle, 12th April 1828.

No. 97 of 1828.—Lieutenant Colonel Charles William Elwood, of the 3d Regt. Native Infantry, having been cashiered by the sentence of a General Court Martial published to the Army by His Excellency the Commander in Chief in General Orders of the 3d instant, the Governor in Council will not fail, in compliance with His Excellency's recommendation to submit to the favorable consideration of the Hon'ble Court of Directors in England, the circumstances of Lieutenant Colonel Elwood's case which are pointed out by the Court Martial as deserving of clemency, in the hope that considering his length of service and irreproachable character, the Hon'ble Court may be pleased to grant him an annuity equivalent to that to which he would have been entitled, had it not been for the result of this trial.

In the meantime the Governor in Council is pleased to place Mr. Elwood from the date of his being struck off the Army on the Invalid Pension List, on the sum laid down in the General Order dated 8th December 1820, for an officer of the rank he lately held.

Bombay Castle, 12th April 1828.

No. 98 of 1828.—The following Alterations and Promotions are made.

INFANTRY.

Adjustment of Rank.

Lieutenant Colonel H. Deschamps to take rank vice Preston retired.—Date of rank 25th May 1827.

Lieut. Colonel T. Morgan, to take rank vice Salter promoted.—Do. Do. 4th September 1827.

Lieut. Colonel W. Gordon, to take rank vice Hickes deceased.—Do. Do. 17th Oct. 1827.

PROMOTIONS.

Senior Major W. Morison to be Lieutenant Colonel vice Meall retired,—Do Do. 2d December 1827.

Senior Major D. Barr to be Lieutenant Colonel vice Elwood cashiered,—Do. Do. 11th April 1828.

2d Grenadier Regiment Native Infantry.

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

Captain T. R. Billamore, and Lieutenant H. B. Campbell to take rank in succession to J. G. Duff retired,—Date of rank 13th May 1825.

Lieutenant R. Stark to take rank vice Fenwick deceased,—Do. Do. 19th June 1826.

Captain T. Clibborn, and * Lieut. A. C. Heighington to take rank in succession to Dunsterville promoted.—Do. Do. 8th September 1826.

Lieut. T. Foulerton, to take rank vice H. C. Teasdale removed to the 25th Regiment N. I. —Ditto.

Lieut. C. B. Raitt, to take rank vice Stanton deceased—19th June. 1827.

Lieut. B. H. Crockett, to take rank vice Philipps deceased.—20th June 1827.

PROMOTIONS

Lieutenant J. S. Down to be Captain and Ensign W. Baker to be Lieutenant in succession to Falconer deceased,—19th October 1827.

2d Grenadier Regiment Native Infantry.

PROMOTION.

Ensign W. Geddes to be Lieutenant vice E. Neville resigned.—12th August 1827.

7th Regiment Native Infantry.

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

Major D. Wilson, Capt. T. Parr, and Lieut. G. B. Lloyd, to take rank in succession to Morgan promoted,—Date of rank 4th Sept. 1827.

Lieut. J. R. Hibbert, to take rank vice Richardson deceased,—8th Oct. 1827.

11th Regiment Native Infantry.

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

Major A. W. Browne, Capt. T. Gidley and Lieut. H. J. H. Christopher, to take rank in succession to Gordon promoted,—17th Oct. 1827.

18th Regiment Native Infantry.

PROMOTIONS.

Capt. J. Livingston to be Major, Lieut. H. N. Corsellis to be Captain, and Ensign S. H. Partridge to be Lieutenant, in succession to Morison promoted,—2d Dec. 1827.

23d Regiment Native Infantry,

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

Major M. E. Bagnold, Capt. H. Lyons and Lieut. T. Parr, to take rank in succession to Deschamps promoted,—25th May 1827.

Lieutenant E. W. Cartwright to take rank vice Barlow deceased,—4th Aug. 1827.

* Lieutenant F. H. Brown, to take rank vice Giberne deceased,—6th Oct. 1827.

24th Regiment Native Infantry.

PROMOTIONS.

Captain J. P. Napier to be Major, Lieutenant R. Ord to be Captain, and Ensign C. S. Geddes to be Lieutenant, in succession to Barr promoted,—11th April 1828.

Medical Establishment.

ADJUSTMENT OF RANK.

Surgeon William Gray to take rank vice W. Fraser retired,—6th Sept. 1827.

PROMOTIONS.

Senior Assistant Surgeon James Walker M. D. to be Surgeon on the augmentation of a Golundauze Battalion,—28th Sept. 1827.

Bombay Castle, 12th April 1828.

No. 99 of 1828.—The undermentioned Cadets, having arrived on the Ship Exmouth and Janet on the 5th and 6th instant, are admitted on the Establishment in conformity with their appointments by the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, from the dates specified against their names. The Cadets for the Artillery and Engineers are promoted to 2d Lieutenants, and those for the Infantry to Ensigns, leaving their date of rank to be settled hereafter.

Artillery.

433 Mr. Henry Lambert Brabazon, originally embarked from Europe on the Ship Achilles and arrived at Bombay from Cape of Good Hope on the Brig Janet on the 6th April 1828.

Engineers.

513 Mr. James Kilner, arrived on the Ship Exmouth on the 5th April 1828.

Infantry.

453 Messrs. W. B. G. Blenkins, originally embarked from Europe on the Ship Sesostris, viâ the Cape of Good Hope, from whence he arrived in the Brig Janet on the 6th April 1828.

510 Messrs. John Anderson, Arrived on the Ship Exmouth on the 5th April 1828.

512 Messrs. Henry MacCulloch, Do. Do.

Captain C. W. Watkins, of the 2d European Regiment, has returned to his duty by permission of the Hon'ble the Court of Directors without prejudice to his rank, by the Ship Exmouth which arrived at Bombay on the 5th instant.

Bombay Castle, 12th April 1828.

No. 100 of 1828.—The rank of the following Cadets for the Artillery and Infantry having been received from the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, they are permanently posted to Regiments and dates of Commissions assigned to them as follows.

	Artillery.	*2d Lieut.*	*1st Lieut.*	*To what Rt. appt.*
1	Henry Forster,	15 June 27	28 Sept. 1827	Art
2	John Maxwell Glasse,	ditto	28 Sep. do.	ditto
3	Gother Kerr Maum,	ditto	.....	ditto
4	Book Bailey,	ditto	.....	ditto
5	Wm Augustus St Clair,	ditto	.....	ditto
6	James Nicholas Rooke,	ditto	.....	ditto
7	Robert Croft Warmald,	ditto	.....	ditto
8	Henry Lambert Brabazon,	ditto	.....	ditto
9	Samuel Pemberton,	27 ditto	.....	ditto
10	Henry Giberne,	9 Sept.	.....	ditto

* RANK not altered.

	Infantry	*Ensigns.*		
1	William Carlisle Stather,	4 June 1827	1. Gr. Rr.	
2	Alexander Robertson,	ditto	10 Regt.	ditto
3	Francis Harrison, Gogen,	ditto	23	ditto
4	William Thomson	16 ditto	1 Eur. Regt.	
5	Chas. Samuel Hodge	19 ditto	13 Regt. N. I.	
6	Sidney Wyatt,	21 ditto	5	ditto
7	William Brown,	27 ditto	12	ditto
8	Septimus Varder Wydon Hart,	ditto	2 Gr. Rt. N. I.	
9	George Palmer Ball,	27 June	15 Regt. N. I.	
10	Henry Crewicks Rowbinson,	ditto	1 Gr. Rt. N. I.	
11	Thomas Tolpey Christie,	27 ditto	17 Regt. N. I.	
12	Neil Patrick MacDougall,	ditto	9	ditto
13	Frankin Fenwick*	25 July	10	ditto
14	William Bazett Goedwin Blenkins,	4 Aug.	6	ditto
15	Gollfred Joseph Peters,	9 Sept.	14	ditto
16	Thomas Robert Morse,	ditto	23	ditto
17	Samuel Sproule	ditto	7	ditto
18	John Russell,	ditto	11	ditto

The name of Mr. Henry Lambert Brabazon, a Cadet for the Artillery, who was permitted by the Hon'ble Court to proceed to St. Helena without prejudice to his rank provided he arrived at Bombay during the month of February 1828, but who did not arrive until the 6th instant, is retained in the position in which it was placed by the Hon'ble Court until their further pleasure be known.

Bombay Castle, 12th April 1828.

No. 101 of 1828.—The rank of the undermentioned Assistant Surgeons appointed by the Hon'ble Court of Directors having been received, Commissions are assigned to them from the dates of their departure from Europe, as follows.

Medical Establishment.

		Date of rank.
1	Thomas Lloyd M. D.	9th Sept. 1827.
2	Thomas Armstrong M. D.	14th do. do.
3	John William	do. do.
* 4	John Mearns	24th Oct. do.

Bombay Castle, 15th April 1828.

No. 102 of 1821.—The Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to direct that the following lists of officers to whom the donation of Batta has been paid in England, on account of the Burmese War, from the 1st to the 31st of August and from the 1st to the 30th of September 1827, be published.

List of officers to whom the Donation of Batta has been granted in England on account of the Burmese War, from the 1st to 31st August 1827,

His Majesty's 13th Foot.

	£.	s.	d.
Capt. George W. Clark (dec.) 6 months	108	0	0

His Majesty's 38th Foot.

Lieut. F. A. Trant, late H. M's 38th Foot, 6 months	72	0	0

His Majesty's 45th Foot.

Capt. Alex. Anderson (dec.) 6 months.	101	5	0
Capt. S. Hodgson, late Ens. 6 months.	50	12	6
Surgeon Wm. Brown, (as Assist Surgeon, Serving with the 87th Foot 3 months	36	0	0

His Majesty's 87th Foot.

Lieut. J. Hassard, 3 months	36	0	0
Capt. John Day, 3 months	54	0	0
Major Wm. Slade Gully 3 months	135	0	0
Capt. Wm. W. Hill, as Lieut. 6 months	72	0	0

His Majesty's 89th Foot.

Lieut. J. M. Maclean, 6 months	67	10	0
Lieut. Chas. O'Neil (dec.) 12 months.	135	0	0

Bengal.

Lieut. Henry M. Lawrence, 6 months.	72	0	0
Lieut. Robert McGregor, (Arty.) do.	72	0	0
Lieut. J. S. Kirby, (Arty.) do.	72	0	0
Lieut. Henry Beaty, do.	72	0	0

Madras.

Capt. R. J. Marr, 3 months	50	12	0
Lieut. Philip Chambers, 12 months.	135	0	0
Lieut. Frederick B. Doveton 6 months	67	10	0
Lieut. Thomas Stocwell, 6 months	67	10	0
Lieut. Walter Scott, 6 months	67	10	0
Lieut. Alex. T. Luidesay, (dec.) 6 months	67	10	9
Lieut. J. C. S. Hide, 6 months	101	5	0

List of officers to whom the Donation of Batta has been granted in England, on account of the Burmese War, from the 1st to the 30th September 1827.

	£.	s.	d.
His Majesty's 1st Foot.			
Lieut. J. Richardson, as Ens. 6 month	50	12	0
His Majesty's 13th Foot.			
Lieut. O'Shea (dec.) 6 months	72	0	0
His Majesty's 47th Foot.			
Lieut. Percival Brown, 12 months	135	0	0
Capt. Jas. Stewart, as Lieut. 6 months	72	0	0
Capt. F. Heatly, 6 months	108	0	0
His Majesty's 87th Foot.			
Lieut. Col. Shawe (dec.) diffirence between the 3 months Batta of a Lieut. Colonel and Colonel	45	0	0
Ensign Richard Loveday (dec.) 3 months	25	6	3
Lieut. Colonel J. H. Blair 3 months.	225	0	0
Captain Edward Coate 3 months	54	0	0
Paymaster John Sherlook 3 months.	54	0	0
Lieut. W. L. Stofford 3 months	36	0	0
Lieut. Alex. Irwin, 3 months	36	0	0
Lieut. W. Bateman, 3 months	36	0	0
Lieut. Wm. Halsted, 3 months	36	0	0
Lieut. Geo. Mainwarring, 3 months.	36	0	0
Quarter Master Carr, 3 months	36	0	0
Lieut. A. M. Doyle, (dec.) 3 months	36	0	0
Capt. Edward Walter, (dec.) 3 months	54	0	0
His Majesty's 89th Foot.			
Brevet Major Henry Gore, as Capt. 6 months	101	5	0
Bengal.			
Lieut. Col. Geo. Pollock (C. B.) 6 months	360	0	0
Madras.			
Major Henry Degraves 6 months	253	2	6
Lieut. Col. Chas. Brooks 6 months.	337	10	0
Capt. And Gray, 6 months	101	5	0
Lieut. Geo. Ch. C. Rand (dec.) 3 months	33	15	0
Bombay.			
Assist. Surg. Richard Frith, 6 months	67	10	0

* Not Arrived.

By Order of the Honourable the Governor in Council

W. NEWNHAM,

Chief Secretary

BOMBAY COURIER.

EXTRAORDINARY.

Saturday April 19, 1828.

Letters have been received from Lieutenant-Colonel MACDONALD, dated 31st January, at Turkoman-Chai, on the road between Tabreez and Tehran. Our last accounts mentioned, that the Envoy had determined in spite of the rigorous season, to proceed to Tehran, to make another effort to prevail on the old King to accede to those terms by which the invading Russians could alone be induced to retire from the Persian teritories; and we are happy to learn, that MR. M'NEIL had joined Colonel MACDONALD at Turkoman Chai, with the gratifying intelligence that the King had, after many struggles, at length agreed to part with his beloved treasures. The three crores of gold, which former accounts mentioned had been advanced as far as Kasven had been again put in motion for Tabreez, under the nominal charge of Captain Macdonald and Prince Godichoff. At Meana the Persian escort was to be relieved by a Russian guard furnished by the troops cantoned in that town. Two crores in silver had also left Tehran, so that when the whole should have been received at Tebreez, little doubt was entertained that the peace would be concluded, and the province of Azerbijan evacuated by the Russians. The King had again furnished the Prince Royal, Abbas Mirza, with full powers to conclude the peace with the Russians, much to the satisfaction of his rival brother, Hassan Ali Meerza, who talked of returning to his government Khorasan. Troops which were on the route from various quarters had countermarched, & every prospect existed of the speedy return of matters to a state of tranquillity.

Native letters from Constantinople had reached Tehran, stating that a very large number of Turkish ships had been taken by the combined fleet off the Dardanelles; and that the British and other European Ambassadors had been forbidden to send couriers. The latter account seems in some degree at variance with former accounts received at Bombay, of the Ambassadors having left Constantinople. A report also prevailed, that a Russian division of 8000 men had entered the Turkish province of Kars.

The bearer of Colonel Macdonald's dispatches had been attacked by a party of robbers near Khana Gonkam, and severely beaten. The letters were all received in a very mutilated state The information received from Persia on this occasion may not therefore be so complete as it otherwise might have been, and many letters have probably been lost.

In the mean time accounts from Constantinople, received at Bussora via Aleppo and Damascus, state, that the most strenuous exertions are made by the Porte to collect and equip a naval force, and to render the new Military levies efficient for active operations.

Austria appears daily to be more closely attaching herself to the views of the Porte; and is the main instrument in producing the unbending and firm attitude now assumed by the Sultan. Her Ambassador has declared to the Divan that he will protect no subject of the three mediating and allied powers without consent of the Grand Seignor.

The Allied fleet is said to be at the entrance of the Dardanelles, for the purpose of protecting their numerous subjects still residing in the neighbourhood of the capital, and to give effect to the efforts still making to induce the Sultan to accede to the demands of the Allied Sovereigns.

In this singular position of affairs no more hostillities have occurred on either side, nor has the Porte censured or interfered with the friendly disposition manifested by most of its tributary viceroys towards the powers of Europe now in arms against her. This warlike attitude is not popular in Turkey.

EXCHANGE &c.

On London, at 6 months sight 1 | 9 per Rupee.
Calcutta, at 30 days sight, 105 a 104½ B'by per 0 | 0 Sa
Madras, at 30 days sight, at par.

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 134 Bombay Rs, per 0 | 0 Siccas
Unremittable do. 104 do. per 0 | 0 do.

Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 105½ B'bay per 0 | 0 Siccas.

PRICES OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars 100 per 217 B'by Rs.
German Crowns 100 per 212 Ditto.

GOVERNMENT LOAN.

Subscriptions to the present 5 per cent Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825. are receivable at the General Treasury at Bombay at the rate of 106½. Bombay Rupees per 0 | 0 Siccas; being the intrinsic value.

(*Continued after the Selections.*)

Selections,

From the works of Dryden.

II.

AN ODE.

To the pious memory of the accomplished young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

(Concluded.)

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was pourtay'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands
Before a train of heroines were seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, heaven only knowns:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soom will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home;
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

(Continued from the third Page.)

FREIGHTS.

To London....Per Ton £4 Nominal.
To China.....Per Candy. Rs. 23 to 25.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 23RD APRIL 1828.

The letters from Lieut. Colonel MACDONALD the Envoy of Persia alluded to in the *Extra Courier* of the 19th April and republished in this day's Gazette, were dated the 31st January and gave hopes of the early conclusion of Peace. Letters have since been received from Lieut. Colonel MACDONALD dated Turkoman Shae 22d February stating that the Treaty of Peace between RUSSIA and PERSIA as agreed to at the Congress of Derkajan was signed the preceding evening in the presence of the high plenipotentiaries and other authorities assembled at the place.

In addition to the indemnity Money which we understand has been ultimately reduced from fifteen to eight Crores of Tomauns the Persians are to cede the whole Province of Eridan on both sides the Araxes. The Russians on their part acknowledge ABBAS MEERZA as the Successor and Heir Presumptive to the Throne of Persia on the death of the present King. The remainder of the Treaty relates we understand to a specification of the new line of communication between the two Territories, the navigation of the Caspian, and various points of national Etiquette.

It was understood to be likely that Abbas Meerza would endeavour to obtain from his Father the Mission to St. Petersburgh, to obtain a relaxation of some of the terms of the Treaty.

Baron ROSEN was to proceed to Tehran to congratulate the King on the part of General PASKEVITCH on the conclusion of the Peace, and was to be accompanied by a most splendid retinue.

In consequence of the sickness, and mortality, which has taken place of late years at Kaira in Goozerat, more particularly with reference to the European Troops, Government has resolved on relinqnishing it, as the principal Military Station in those Districts.---The Head Quarters of the Northern Districts have therefore been removed to Hursole, which has been selected from the general opinion entertained, regarding the salubrity of the place, being most favourable---this place is fifty miles N. E. of Kaira, the Cantonments on the left bank of the Mehswa river, a more advanced and centrical position, with reference to the most turbulent tract, occupied by the Petty States, and Mehwassee Proprietors in the Myhee Kaunta.

On Monday at about 2 P. M. His Excellency Rear Admiral GAGE, Naval Commander in Chief, embarked from the New Bunder, under the salute due to his Rank, and shortly afterwards both the JAVA and the CHAMPION got under weigh, and stood out for sea,. It was expected that the Admiral would have remained until the New Ship the BOMBAY, had been ready for sea, but we understand his departure has been hastened in consequence of the Cholera, having within these few days carried off a number of the JAVA's Men.

The Editor of the forthcoming BOMBAY PRICE CURRENT this day announces, that the Liberality of Government has conceded to him, what the united Petitions of the Editors and earnest wishes of the Readers of Indian Newspapers never could obtain; we allude to the relinquishment of the heavy Charges made for Postage. It must now be evident to every one that the Tax on Newspapers in this country is not levied as a financial measure, but merely to impede the circulation of matter, that is not always conjenial to the taste of those in power---We nevertheless heartily rejoice, in the emancipation of The BOMBAY PRICE CURRENT from the charge of Postage, and beg to draw the attention of the Mercantile World in the Sister Presidencies, to the circumstance, as they will now be able to possess a very valuable Publication at less than one half, what they otherwise must have paid.

Entirely disagreeing as we do, with the Editor of the Courier, as to the unfairness of making further Selections from the "Forget me not."—We have again this week been induced to select the following tale, as appearing to us worthy the attention of our readers. The number of Copies sent to Bombay is so limited that it must necessarily follow, by far the greater part of the Public, cannot be in possession of the volume, and so long, as our making extracts from new publications, does not injure their sale, we consider that we are bound to afford our readers that enjoyment which they cannot otherwise procure unless at a great expense, In this instance it would be worse than Folly to refrain from republishing any part of the "Forget me not" as from the ready sale it has met with, we are led to believe, that not a single Copy remains in the agent's hands.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A FAVOURITE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHANTASMAGORIA OR SKETCHES OF LIFE AND LITERATURE," &c.

REVELS are in all ages composed of the same materials; fashion merely exercises a discretionary power as to the mode of combination. There is but a superficial difference between the Roman triumph, the chivalrous tournay, and the court drawing-room, or birth-day *fête*; the essential circumstances are alike in all:—noble guests, costly attire, sumptuous banquets and military pomp, mirth and music, the song and the dance. Nevertheless it is pleasant to turn over the ponderous and circumstantial narratives of forgotten pageants, and compare them with more modern festivities, were it only to admire man's ingenuity in diversifying his materials. Neither is it a labour without profit; for the details of each "vain show" suggest more powerfully than any living monitor the insignificance and worthlessness of the grandeur which is merely connected with outward pomp. One of old, in the midst of a splendid triumph, inquired exultingly, "What is wanting here?"—He was wisely answered, "CONTINUANCE;" and that reply will avail to the end of the world. But reflections of this chastening nature were not to obtrude on the mind of a royal favourite on the morning of those nuptials which connected him with the throne.

The sagacious observer might indeed discern the quicksand on which the fortune of the earl of Cornwall rested; but to himself and to his infatuated master, to the troops of liveried dependents and glittering sycophants which thronged around him, it seemed that he had attained a sure point of greatness—standing ground above the reach of his enemies. Besides, the earl was not only a vain, but a foreign favourite; gay as his gem encircled cap, but light and unstable as the feather that depended from its folds. Merrily, therefore, proceeded the preparations for banquet and pageant in the palace of Westminster; and thither, when the marriage service was concluded, proudly the procession took its way. Foremost rode the dazzling yet despised favourite; beside him his illustrious bride, and the monarch, second of a noble name, but kingly in nothing save in stature and beauty of person. After them came a train of knights and nobles, no longer sheathed in mail, but clad like their coursers, in the glittering panoply of peace. Inclosed within their gallant ranks rode dame and demoiselle, scarfed and jewelled, sparkling and buoyant as the foam upon a summer sea, blending softness with splendour, romance with reality, and contrasting with fierce looking men-at-arms and sober citizens, like the lovely sunlight surrounded by dark evening clouds. Many a barrel was broached and emptied as that procession passed from Saint Paul's to the palace of Westminster; many a largess scattered & caught; many a royal smile was bestowed on the thronging spectators; many a gracious movement of head and hand vouchsafed by the favourite—yet unavailingly. The spirit of honest hearty interest was that day wanting on the part of the people. They gazed with curiosity—for a pageant, whatever be its object, will always command spectators; and they partook eagerly of the pleasures provided for them, but they withheld every token of popular sympathy and regard. Could the weak king and his worthless minion have joined the various groups they passed, they would assuredly have heard many homely truths and cutting jests, from the substantial citizen in his sober brown doublet and hose to match, the portly dame in her party coloured tunic, and the prentice-boy in his felt cap and leathern jacket.

"Nay, now, but I do call this a goodly sight, father: look at the lady Eleanor's headtire, half as high as our oak-settle, with those gay silk streamers fastened to it, dancing in the air like so many wings."

"Wings!—indeed ye may say so, Cis, for the honour of her house is fast flying away.—*He* have a Plantagenet to wife!—Mairy, I hope the broom will turn out a stinging nettle."

Nowise daunted, the first speaker resumed; for her father's genealogical allusion was lost upon her, and of his crustiness she was dutifully regardless.

"Save us! but the earl *must* be a good man; see how he smiles on yonder gaping crew, that seem ready to pluck him off his horse. Ah! if wishing would get me such a hood, 'broidered all over with silk and shining stones, or a girdle like the gold chains that fasten his boot-points to his knees! La, now! I never will abuse the earl of Cornwall any more, bonny man!"

"Out upon you, hussy, for a disgrace to me and your country!" interrupted giddy Cicely's father: "call Piers Gaveston earl again, and I'll lock ye up for a week."

"But the king's command, father——"

"Command me no command, daughter, but obey my bidding," was the instant reply, emphasised by no gentle movement of the elbow! "There, look yonder at two earls worth looking at—English earls, with English names and English hearts, hating the king's favourite, and prospering the people. Ay, wench, little know ye of grandeur, that never saw meat served in the castles of Warwick and Pontefract. Pshaw! what are gold chains and a gaudy hood?—think of an ox a day, and a pipe of wine a week, naming nought else, for household consumption."

"Right, right, my old prince of the fleece and the comb!" put in a saucy young minstrel, who did not, by his guise belong to the court; "and for the promise of a brown bowl and a toast, I'll volunteer ye a ballad made to suit English ears, though set to a Gascon tune—eh, master?

A painted hood, witless;
Gay coat, graceless;
Maketh England thriftless."

But the patriotic wool-comber had no taste for a song that must be purchased, so he passed on with his daughter, heedless of the hungry rhymester; and other murmurers succeeded.

Here might be seen stalwart bowmen with folded arms and lowering brows, calling to mind the warlike glories of the past, and drawing contemptuous comparisons between the chivalrous spirit of the first Edward and the frivolous tastes of his son; which, in common with every other grievance, real or imagined, they did not scruple to attribute to his partiality for the hated Piers Gaveston.

Here, again, were monks and friars mourning over the king's decay of piety; manifested, in their eyes, by his honouring and enriching the favourite, instead of bestowing his treasures upon their respective saints and shrines—in other words, upon themselves.

In addition to these, every booth, hotel, or other convenient resort for gossip, lying between St. Paul's and the palace, had its knot of grumblers—substantial traders, superior artisans, merchant-strangers, and money-lenders—who forgot for the moment their private grudges in mutual lamentations over the country's one grievance: albeit, had Piers Gaveston been England's guardian angel, the malcontents could not have partaken more willingly of the ale and muscadel provided at his expense. At length the cold looks of the superior spectators, and the sullen silence on the part of the populace, irritated the king, and it was with right good-will he halted at the palace-gate.

"Dumb knaves!" said he, kicking the stirrups from his feet with a pettish air; why, I have heard them shake the Tower before now with their noisy breath."

"In the time of your noble father was not that, my liege?" said the earl of Warwick, one of the discontented barons, in a quiet tone, fraught with meaning.

"Never heed a bark from the black dog of Ardene," whispered Gaveston, perceiving that the king felt the intended inference; "trust me for muzzling his mouth before long, and for opening those of your grace's loyal citizens and most worshipful rogues, on the spot.—Ho, there?" continued he, raising his voice; "gentlemen, followers, friends of the earl of Cornwall! thus let us manifest honour to the king, homage to beauty, favour to the people!"

So saying, the graceful Gascon vaulted from his saddle, flung the bridle from his arm, and drove his gallant charger, adorned as it was with trappings of the costliest workmanship, among the wondering populace, calling out as he did so, "A prize for the winner?"

Those whom he had addressed followed his example; a hundred steeds were thus successively abandoned to the crowd, and a scene of scrambling riot ensued, to the pleasure and emolument of such as gained possession and the increased discontent of those who tried without success. Amongst the former was the young minstrel already mentioned, who sprang like a frog into the saddle of the earl's own steed; while our old friend, the woolstapler, was accupied in vain endeavours to introduce his foot into the stirrup.

Turning now from tumultuous streets, and the rude converse of the multitude, it is time to take a glimpse of the noble company assembled in the banqueting-hall of Westminser palace. But how shall the writer do justice to a court festival in the fourteenth century, when Matthew Paris, that prince of chroniclers, declares himself overpowered by a scene of similar grandeur; and confesses his inability to display the numbers of noble and illustrious guests," (a "dear five hundred," or even five-thousand "friends," was no unheard-of dinner-party in those day,) "the richness and variety of the dresses, the sumptuousness of the banquet, and the multitudes of minstrels and mimics, whose business it was to amuse the company?" What would become of the writer amongst thirty thousand dishes—to say nothing of those dramas of the dinner-table, the costly complicated "intermeats," the self moving ships, castles besieged and defended, and a world of similar devices introduced between the courses; It is enough that, at the marriage in question, splendour and profusion and vanity did their utmost—and failed; failed with the nobility as they had failed with the common people, because he for whom the board was heaped so gorgeously, for whom minstrels sang sweet flatteries, and sycophants raised the ready cheer, was hated and scorned, on different grounds, and in varying degrees, but hated and scorned by all. Master of England's Sovereign, he was well nigh master of England itself treasury was his private purse; the state offices were all possessed by his creatures; and every matter, whether of state policy or court favour, was subservient to his pleasure. Therefore, openly or in secret, all men had a quarrel against Piers Gaveston; and though the bidding of the sovereign could, on the present festive occasion, command the presence of his enemies, and purchase for him adulation and pageantry, it could effect no more. Long before the conclusion of the revels, Edward felt this. Yielding, dependent, and in heart a coward, he shrunk from much which his profligate and audacious favourite could lightly brave.

"Now gently, good Cornwall," said the monarch, perceiving at last that the daring de-

(Continued in the Supplement.)

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WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, POETICAL PIECES, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE &c. &c. WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Gentlemen about to change their Stations, are requested to give Notice thereof to the PROPRIETORS, who will pay due attention to their Orders.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23RD 1828.

[*Continued from the Gazette.*]

meanour and reckless sarcasms of the minion began to pass all bounds; "reserve these jests for my private hearing; remember my cousin of Lancaster and the lord Warwick have the benefit of their friends' ears as well as of their own."

"Most true, my liege; and the question is who among them has the longest?—What sayest thou, Morley? So, let us see how thy new trumpery fits,"

"Troth, my lord," replied his jester, the stage person addressed, for his frivolous master seldom stirred without so apt an attendant, "troth, my lord, an if I spoke my thoughts I might chance to lose my own ears, and my bonny new bells to boot."

With this the fool began to gingle the important badges of his office and cutting sundry scaramouch capers, sang as he did so—

Send the king's golden crown
Begging round London town;
Then my lord of Cornwall's hood,
Wrought of silk and pearls good;
After them, my fool's cap,—
Mine would meet the best hap,
What care I where honour dwells?
Safety's with the silver bells,

The circle applauded the conceit. "Behold, fair lady," said Gavaston, turning to his bride, "the wondrous power of mirth and muscadel; they have turned a fool into a poet: I marvel what miracle solitude and starvation would effect."

"Perchance they might teach a king discretion, and an earl humility," replied a strong stern voice; and the speaker passed to a distant part of the hall.

"Hah! have we monitors in our revels? said the king proudly; and for a moment, as he folded his mantle round him and walked towards an inner room, he looked and moved the Plantagenet.

"Marry, now?" cried the favourite, laughing, "I'll warrant the earl of Pembroke, otherwise Joseph the Jew, will make many a fellow to that last speech before he sleeps —Pshaw?" added he, contemptuously, "his wrath foams like an ale-vat; and my lord stage-player (he Pointed to the eard of Lancaster) pacing it yonder beneath the minstrel gallery—would the beams were rotten! —rightly mated, sooth, with the Black Dog and the Jew? mated for mischief! but," added he, sinking his voice to a malicious mutter, "marked for downfall?"

The evening and the revel now drew towards a close. The minstrels united in a parting strain; flagons and bowls of the richly-spiced pocrasse and pyment passed round; farewell pledges were drunk; courtly compliments exchanged; and banqueters, dancers, minstrels, and retainers, in turn departed. The many and massy lamps, which had emulated the glare of noon, went out, one by one; the late resounding hall ceased to echo a footstep or a voice; and soon all that softened its gloom, or broke upon its silence, was the moon-beam struggling through its painted oriel, and the distant hum of the receding revellers.

(*To be Continued.*)

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

With original designs.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

Second Series.

A hearty laugh accompanied our reading throughout of this most entertaining little work, which we happened most fortunately to stumble upon last week; That our readers will experience some of the enjoyment in reading the selections we have made, that we did from the perusal of the whole volume, we may almost venture to say, we can have no doubt of. The Author opens his work with a preface which at once will make the reader aware of what he is to expect from the Book. We give his own words. "In the absence of better fiddles, I "have ventured to come forward again with "my kit of fancies. I trust it will not be "found an unworthy sequel to my first per-"formance; indeed, I have done my best, in "the New Series, innocently to imitate a "practise that prevails abroad in duelling— "I mean, that of the seconds giving satisfac-"tion." Facetious and spirited Wood Cuts are interspersed throughout the Book, and prove that the Designer's brain must be as full of Whims and Oddities, as his little Volume is. The author says in regard to them. "The Public have learned, by this time, from "my rude designs, that I am no great artist, "and from my text, that I am no great au-"thor, but humbly equivocating, bat-like, "between the two kinds;—though proud to "partake in any characteristic of either. As "for the first particular, my hope per-"suades me that my illustrations cannot have "degenerated, so ably as I have been secon-"ded by Mr. EDWARD WILLIS, who, like the "humane WALTER, has befriended my off-"spring in the wood."—With this we conclude refering our readers to the following selections in confirmation of what we have advanced as to the merits of the work.

A BALLAD-SINGER.

Is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weather-cook, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars, Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his brightright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.

A SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

Servant. How well you saw
Your father to shool to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.
Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?
Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

All Three. Domine, Domine. duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.
Son. O this is gallant pastime. Nay come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?
1st old Man. Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—
Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
2d old Man. You shan't send us, now, so you shan't—
3d old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'nt—
Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their schoolmistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All Three. Oh! oh! oh!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as newborn children.
Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable:
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads; and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now,
All Three. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias!
[*Exeunt Singing.*]

"THE ANTIPODES,"—*By R. Brome.*

Amonst the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults; but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers—benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realized. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance-monies of the rising generation, but aiming to extract a premium from the unlettered grey-beard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowlege insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools, and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian

"With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
Creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's-cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rhumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture notwithstanding is realized! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet—and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read, are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

Black Heath, November, 1827.

Deer Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my Deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Proggress I have made in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsizes on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desired. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisible to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.

With respecks to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat, If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishes, her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day Soop from Birches I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Accounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and sum of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yesterday for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on account of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quit gone or he would have a good chance for the Silver Pen.

Munday was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us very much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wanking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nusry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Homesick ever since his Granchilderen cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Fabbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a a Welch Whig and a Worming Pan when yeu foreward my Closebox with my cleau Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I nit for with the French Grammer &c.—Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so violent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept witch he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Complements with witch I remain

Your deutiful and
loving Brother

* * * * * * * * * *

S. P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont alow Puglism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from puling their Cotes of in the open Are.

Our new Husher is cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the Frentch Master was changed on Acount of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabbling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for He cant express his Sentymints for Coffing.

A SAILORS APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs
by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal
straighter,
But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—
'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip,
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There war'nt no use in keeping on the race!
Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown'un's cable,
But riding is'nt in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leave the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And would'nt keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And was'nt she tremendus slack in stays!
We could'nt, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We had'nt run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim himself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I did'nt like my birth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting laughter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while,
Her body did'nt take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-log'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
Hallo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concern,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.---Ensign H. Cotgrave, 15th Regt. N. I.
Capt M. Soppitt, 26th Regt N. I.
Lieut. Col. T. Pollock, 22d Regt. Madras N. I.
Assist Surgeon, J. Crawford, 26th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. H. Aston, Qr. Mr. and Intr. 19th Regt. N. I.

DEPARTURES.---Cornet Tudor, Cavalry,
Capt. F. D. Daly, H. M. 4th Lt. Drs.
Lieut. A. E. Bromvich, H. M. 4th Lt. Drs.
Veterinary Surgeon J. Timm, H. M. 4th Lt. Drs.
Lieut. R. Mackenzie, 1st Light Cavy.
Capt. J. Little, 2d B. E. Regt.
Lieut. W. Trevelyan, 2d Lt, Cavy.
Lieut. W. H. Trevelyan, Artillery.
Lt. C. Brood, Artillary,
Assist. Surgn. Alex. Bertram, M. D.
Asst. Surgeon Charles Ducat, Civil Surgeon,
Lieut. Col. D. Leighton, General Staff,
Brigade Major Thos. Gordon, P. D. A.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

APRIL 17th.--- Persian Ship Futtey Salam, Hajee Ryman Nacqudah, from Bushire 23d March.

19th The H. C. Sloop of War Coote, Capt. D. Jones, from Persian Gulph, Left Bassadore 8th April.

21st Ship Mountstuart Elphintone, Duncan Ritchie, Com. from Port Glasgow, 18th Nov.

Passengers per Elphinstone.—James D Nicol, Esq. Merchant.

DEPARTURES.

APRIL 16th.---Portuguese Brig St. Sebastiaõ, Capt. Joze F. de Oliviera, Com. to Damaun and Macao.

17th, Ship George Cruttenden, Shaboobin Tyeb Nacqudah, to Malay Coast.

19th The H. C. Schooner Vigilant Doss Mahomed Syrang, to Cutch Mandavie.

20th Ship Vallyfield (Free Trader) Thos. Johnson, Com. to London.

21st Barque Henry, (Free Trader) Mr Westmorland, Com. to London.

Do. His Majesty's Ship Java, Wm, F. Carroll Esq. Capt. to Sea, bearing the Flag of His Excellency Rear admiral W. H. Gage Naval Com. in Chief.

Do. H. M. Sloop Champion, George Deline Esq. Capt. Com. to Sea.

Do. H. C. Sloop of War Coote, David Jones, Esq. Capt. Com. to Malabar Coast,

Passengers by Vallyfield.---Capt Grice, Mrs. Grice and Daughter, Cap. Seymour and Daughter, Capt, Cotgrave, Mr. Vellers, and Mr. Morison

By Barque Henry.---Mrs, Colt, Grant, Mrs, Brandon. Capt. Cunningham, Lieut. C. Blood, Lieut Constable, Lieut, Rovellian, Ensign Stockpoole.

SHIPS LOADING.

English.---Lady Faversham, for London.
Cleveland, for ditto.
Lady Gordon, for ditto.
Janet, for ditto.
Ann, for China.
Pascoa, for ditto.
Charlotte, for ditto.
Glenelg, for ditto.
Lowjee, for ditto.
Jamesina, for ditto.
Fort William, for ditto.
Lord Castlereagh, for ditto.
Sherburne, for ditto.
Cornwallis, for ditto.
Mountstuart Elphinstone, for ditto.
Bannerman, for ditto.
Golconda, for ditto.
Prince of Wales, for Malay Coast.
Minerva, for Madras.
Byramgore, for ditto.
Tres Freres, for Mauritius.
Kusrovie, for Persian Gulph.
Arab.---Fazelcorim, for Malay Coast.
Portuguese.---Conde de Rio Pardo, for Macao.
Dezempenho, for Malay Coast.
Dourado, for ditto.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

—FREE TRADERS—

Mountstuart Elphinstone, Cleveland, Lady Faversham, Thomas Ritchie, Lady Gordon, Cumberland, Gleniffer, Exmouth, Fortune, Janet, Boliver, Mountstuart Elphinstone.

—COUNTRY SHIPS—

Helen, Castlereagh, Byramgore, Bannerman, Asia Felix. Prince of Wales, Ann, Lowjee, Glenelg, Charles Forbes, Oscar, Almeida, Golconda, Charlotte, Kusrovie, Pascoa, Fort William, Cornwallis, Minerva, Ahmody, Sunburry, Shurburne, Jamesina, Tres Freres, Johanna.

—PORTUGUESE—

Anandpursaud, Conde Rio Pardo, Dezempenho, Dourado.

—ARAB—

Moidinbeen, Fatayalabad, Asadolbhar. Wootmany, Fazelcarim, Futtaylabeen.

—H. M. SHIPS—

Bombay. and Fly,

—H. C. CRUIZERS—

Benares, Nautilus.

MADRAS.

ARRIVALS.

MARCH 31st, — Schooner Highland Lass, Captain J. C. Durnford, from Amherst 15th March.
— Do. — Brig Highland Chief, Captain J. Hall, from Coringa 25th March.
April 1st, — Bark Fifeshire, Captain W. J. Crawley, from Point de Galle 27th March.
— Do. — Ship Sovereign, Capt. W. McKeller, from Sydney, New South Wales 9th February.
— Do. — Brig Kent, Captain James Craw, from Mauritius 12th Feb.
— 3d, — H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Stoddart, returned from Sea.
— 8th, — H. M. Ship Satellite, J. M. Laws, from London the 20th November.

DEPARTURES.

APRIL 1st, — Brig Hebe, Capt. Thomas Macfadzen, for Amherst.
— 2d, — Ship Ganges, Captain E. M. Boultbee, for St. Helena and England.
— 3d, — Ship Elphinstone, Captain J. Atkinson, for England.
— 5th, — Bark Fifeshire, Capt. W. J. Crawley, for Vizagapatam and Calcutta.
— 6th, — Brig Dolphin, Captain M. Preday, for Vizagapatam.
— 10th, — Ship Zenobia, Captain J. A. Douglas, for England.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Stoddart.
Ship Eleanor, Captain W. H. Edmonds.
Ship Mary Ann Sophia, A. Henderson.
Ship Zenobia, Captain J. A. Douglas.
Ship Sovereign, Captain W. McKeller.
Brig Bucephalus, Capt. M. J. Crisp.
Brig Catherine, Captain G. R. Hudson.
Brig Kent, Captain James Craw.
Brig Highland Chief, Captain James Hall.
Schooner Highland Lass, Capt. J. C. Durnford.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

APRIL 3d.—H. C. S. Vessel Enterprize.
Passengers per H. C. S. Vessel Enterprize.---Mrs. Turnbull. Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Greenlaw, Miss Law, W. Nisbet, Esq. Captain Forbes Engineers, C. B. Greenlaw Esq. Major Stack;---Parbury, Esq. H. Hickey Esq. Dr. Raleigh, W. P. Palmer Esq. Master Palmer.

DEPARTURES.

MARCH 30. Ship Eliza, G. Cuthbertson, for Amherst Town and Rangoon.
— Ship Prince Regent, W. Richards, for Mauritius.
— Ship Emulous, Thos. Welbank, for Mauritius.
APRIL 1.---American Ship Emerald, Webb, for Boston.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

NONE.---

MARRIAGE.

At St. Thomas's Church, on Monday the 21st Inst. Mr. W. Goss Constable of Police, to Mrs. N. Yarborough, relict of the late Sub-Conductor J. Yarborough, of the Commissariat Department.

DEATHS.

On the forenoon of the 15th instant, Charles Forbes Le Blanc, the infant son of George Simpson Esq. Marine Storekeeper, aged 16 months and 7 days.

On Tuesday the 16th instant, Eliza, the wife of T. W. Browne Esq. aged 20 years.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.

At Berhampore, on the 30th Ultimo, the Lady of Samuel Smith, Esq. of a daughter.

At Chingleput, on the 3d of April, the Lady of A. N. Magrath, Esq. of a Son.

At Wallajahband, on the 20th of February last, the Lady of Lieutenant and Cantonment Adjutant C. W. Nepean, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Wallajahbad, on the 31st of March, by the Rev. T. Wetherherd, at the House of Captain J. Clemons, 9th Regiment N. I, Lieutenant T. J. Ryves, 43d Regt N. I. to Julia Louisa Colebrooke, youngest Daughter of the the late Lieut. Colonel Colebrooke, B. N. I.

At Gooty, on Thursday the 20th Ultimo, by the Rev. H. Harper, m. a. Lieut, and Quarter Master J. Fitzgerald, 42d Regiment N. I. to Jane, eldest Daughter of Lieut. Colonel Wight, Commanding 42d Regt. N. I.

At Trichinopoly, on the 1st March, Mr. Asst. Surgeon Grigg of the 28th Regt. N. I. to Miss Jane, Daughter of Lieut. Colonel Dalrymple, H. M. 30th Regt of Foot.

At Wallajahbad, on the 25th of February by the Rev. Mr. Hoole, Serjeant Major W. Laken, 9th Regiment, N. I. to Charlotte, Daughter of Barrack Serjeant J. Hussey, on that Station.

DEATHS.

At the Presidency, early on the morning of the 5th Instant, Sarah, the Wife of Edward Gordon. Esq.

At Chicacole, on the 27th March, John Williams, the last surviving Child of Major J. Ogilvie, of the 34th Regt. or Chicacole Light Infantry, aged three years.

At Masulipatam, on the evening of Sunday the 23d Ultimo, after a short, but severe illness, Henrietta Anne, Daughter, of Captain Craster, 30th Regt. N. I.

At Trichinopoly, on the 4th Instant, Helen Flora, the Infant Daughter of Captain E. A. M'Curdy.

At Cannanore, on the 23d February, of Fever, John Napoleon, the only Son of Mr. Conductor J. Flanagan, of the Orduance Department.

On the 6th Instant, the Reverend Father Fre Clemente do Espirito Santo, Commissary of the Holy Apostolical Order of St. Francis, aged 57 years.

This Reverend Father arrived in India at an early age, and was long employed on various and distant Missions throughout this extensive Country for the propagation of the Gospel---The Life of this most worthy and pious Man during his Vicarship of 22 years at Luz was one continued scene of charity and benevolence. In him the Poor and Distressed felt the affection of a Father, and his Friends and the Members of the Community over whom he presided all that condescension, kindness and urbanity inseparable from real purity of manners, while the meekness, piety and charity with which he performed his professiona and avocations elicited the admiration and gratitude of all who were connected with him.

The Remains of this much lamented Individual were deposited in the Church at Luz amidst a large concourse of deeply affected Friends and Spectators.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Calcutta, on Saturday, the 29th March, Mrs. C. W. Lewis of a Daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 31st March, the Lady of Mr. J. Cox, Wine Merchant, of a Daughter.

At Palamcottah, on the 8th March, Mrs. Rhenius, of a Daughter.

At Bolarum, Hyderabad, on the 9th March, the lady of Lieutenant and Adjutant Thomas Betts, of Nizam's Engineers, of a son.

At Barrackpore Park, on the 28th March, the wife of Mr. A. Marr, of a daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 20th March, Mrs. C. W. Lewis, of a daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 31st March, the wife of Mr. John Rebeiro, of the Judicial Department, of a son.

At Calcutta, on the 1st April, Mrs. John Wood, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Calcutta, at St. Andrew's Kirk, on Saturday, the 29th March, by the Rev. J. Brown, Henry Henderson, Esquire, to Mary Jane, fourth Daughter of David Ross, late of Sutkea, Esquire.

At Chittagong, on the 24th March, by the Reverend H. R. Shepherd, at the house of Captain Kingston, 52d Native Infantry, Henry Chapman, Esq. Civil Assistant Surgeon, to Mary, eldest Daughter, of the late John Woodhouse Martin, Esq. of His Majesty's Service.

At Belgaum, on the morning of the 6th March, by the Reverend P. Stewart, b. a., Lieutenant Charles Pickering, 2d Battalion Pioneers, to Cora, Daughter of the late R. Trewman, Esq. of Exeter, and Niece to Colonel Trewman, of the Madras Establishment.

DEATHS.

At Chowringhee, on Tuesday, the 1st April, Major General Charles Stuart, Honorable Company's Service, aged 70 years.

At Mallye, on the morning of the 23d March, after a few days illness, E. Phillips, Esq. late Surgeon of the 6th Extra Regiment N. I.

On the 31st March, Joseph Watts, Esq., of Howrah, aged 42 years and 4 months.

At Calcutta, on the 2d April, of Convulsions caused in teething, Charlotte Agnes, the infant child of Mr. W. G. Grieff.

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, April, 9.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees.....28½ *Premium.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 26½ *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees ½ *Discount.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities. viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1½ *Discount*

Calcutta.

CURRENT VALUE
OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

APRIL 2D, 1828.

BUY. Prem.		SELL. Prem.	
26	0 Remittable	25	0
Discount 4	Old 5 per Cent. Loan,	0	10 Discount
Prem. 2	New ditto ditto	0	2 Discount
5400	0 Bank of Bengal Share	5200	0 Prem

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills.....6 0
Ditto on Government Bills and Salary Bills.....4 0
Interest on Loans on Deposit.....5 0

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

BUY.		CALCUTTA.	SELL.
1	10⅝	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. R.	1 11

PRICE OF BULLION.

Dollars	per 100 Rupees	207 0	206 8
Sovereigns	each	11	10
Guineas	ditto	10	4
Old Goldmohurs	ditto	18	12
New Ditto	ditto	17	0

THE following is the Bankshall Report, announcing the return of the Honorable Company Steam Vessel *Enterprise.*

Passengers and news per H. C. S. Vessel Enterprise:

Mrs. Turnbull; Mrs. Palmer; Mrs. Greenlaw; Miss Law; W. Nisbet, Esq.; Captain Forbes Engineers; C. B. Greenlaw Esq.; Major Stack;—Parbury, Esq.; H. Hickey Esq.; Dr. Raleigh; W. P. Palmer Esq.; Master Palmer.

The H. C. Steam Vessel *Enterprise* towed H. M. Ship *Herald* to Lat 4° 40' North, Long. 85° 30' East, where she cast her off, on the 20th of March, and having completed her water, left her with a strong North West wind to prosecute her voyage. Lady SARAH AMHERST was quite recovered, and all on board were well. The *Enterprise* directed her course to Madras, where she arrived on the evening of the 24th, and having taken in Coals, sailed again on the 27th, early in the morning. The *Elphinstone* arrived at Madras on the 26th.

Govt. Gaz. Extra, April 3.

English Extracts.

OLD USAGES.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

(Concluded.)

I led my friend into his father's history. He felt a manly and honest pride in relating it; and well he might. I soon learned that the curate of Nunsbrooke was no ordinary man; and I afterwards found that I had not overrated him. He was a person of competent learning, and of strong intellect; and with much temperate kindness of heart, possessed inflexibility in principle and purpose that might have ennobled a Stoic philosopher. He indeed, as his son had said, held everything in heaven and earth at its exact value. His aged partner was not quite his counterpart. She was inferior in mind; and education was not for her day—but they suited each other wonderfully well. She was most notable and exemplary in all household matters—the tenderest of mothers and the kindest of neighbours—one of those happily-endowed humble beings in whom "innocence is nature's wisdom," who are better than they know. Her motherly kindness tempered the firmness of him whom next to her God she reverenced, which but for this *antiattrition* might at times have verged to severity. Both were the children of small farmers in the parish; and the only difference of their lives was, that whereas he had been for a time a servitor at Oxford, she had never travelled ten miles beyond her own, or her father's cottage. In my subsequent intercourse with the family, I saw that both parents were held in the tenderest veneration by all their children, with this difference, that a little story was sometimes told or a little joke hazarded by her daughters, illustrative of their mother's *bonhomie*, if I may unsex the word for her sake; while the commanding intellect, and deep, and acute discernment of life and character, and of the complicated machinery which sets their springs in motion, possesed as it were intuitively by the elder Richard Ashton, raised him the more highly in the esteem of his sons, the more their own knowledge of the world ripened and extended.

I was both edified and amused by the evident astonishment and serious disapprobation of the ancient and venerable matron, on witnessing how lightly, as it seemed to her, the yoke of matrimony sat on her eldest daughter, who, though with perfect gaiety and good-humour, not only avowed opinions different from her husband's but appeared to have a decided will of her own. To old Mrs. Ashton, her husband had ever been almost in God's stead. This slackening of the bonds of conjugal discipline—this irreverence for the holiest earthly authority, appeared to shock her whole nature as much as so calm a nature could be unhinged by anything; and though both husbands and wives tried to reconcile her to what she conceived a breach of duty and decency, I have no doubt that she seriously lectured her children apart, and made this offence the subject of her secret prayers. "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord," was a precept to which her whole spirit bowed; and the only thing, I was told, that ever made her for a few hours now and then unpopular among the female parishioners, was the uncompromising strictness with which, in all cases of domestic dissension, she enforced the doctrine of implicit conjugal obedience.

But I have outstripped the regular course of my story. As I knew that the small parsonage

would be swarming like a bee-hive from kitchen to attic with daughters and grandchildren, I established myself for the night at the Rose, the neat rural inn, in which my friend's introduction procured an attention to my few expressed wants and large supposed wishes, to which as a chance guest even my purse gave me no claim. Richard Ashton was not a man of apologies; but I was forced to check him as he began to mumble about my not finding things so suitable, &c. &c. Is it not hard, that because a man has had the misfortune to be baked and broiled half his life, he must be set down as a sensual, self-indulging, vain-glorious voluptuary for the remainder of it? Yet I do plead guilty; and a man must have lived for thirty years in India, and been just off a five months' voyage, to understand the luxury which it was to loll in the crisp refreshing sheets, washed in the cool streams, and dried on the cuckoo-buds and lady-smocks of the meadows of England. I had hardly yet got rid of the rocking sensation of the ship; and this being but my second night on shore, I slept as a landsman does when he once more gains firm earth. On the former day, when walking, my very toes grasped the ground, as if each were a feeler. I clung to it with my feet, and planted them on land like the sea-horse climbing an ice-berg.

I was literally awakened in the morning by the sweet chime of the Sabbeth-bells—not the loud peal intended to startle the dull heart of great cities—nor yet the sonorous sound of the old consecrated bells, which my host told me were once known in this vale, and of which the ringing diverted the thunder-storm, and drove away the devil—but the "still small voice," whispering a gentle and holy summons to prayer and praise. I started hastily up, and, like all strangers, advanced to my window. The prospect was now fully revealed. The grey serene of the sky harmonized finely with the Sabbeth-stillness that breathed over the valley. It was neither bold nor rich, but it was enchantingly soft, and what at the time was to me more precious, it was purely and delightfully English; not indeed a scene of wealthy, powerful, commercial England—though her mighty heart and the right arm of her strength were visible even here—but a confined home-view of rural England, Old England, Merry England! with her strong virtues, her primitive manners, and *Old Usages*.

The chapel where my friend's father had so long officiated, stood on an elevated curvature by the side of the stream, and about the centre of the vale, which, as I have said, broke upwards from a wider and richer valley. It was a very humble edifice, and of dimensions much under those of the Gothic structures, whose open stonework towers, or tapering spires, form so frequent and interesting a feature in the rich landscape of cultivated England. But this little chapel was not the less the pole-star of the vale of Nunsbrooke; and time and holy feelings, which had gathered around it and given it sanctity, left it not destitute of beauty. It had its garland of aged trees—elm, and ash, and monumental yews; and the tracery of wild creepers on the walls, and the stremers of ivy floating from the roof, assorted better with the humble structure, than elaborate architectural ornaments would have done. The parsonage and its adjoining offices stood about a bow-shot off on the same willowed rivulet, which between the church and it, widened into a translucent pool, so closely clipped in with alders and osiers, that as their tremulous shadows diffused themselves over its smooth surface, it glistened with a cool emerald tinge which sent freshness into my very soul. A small foot path—a *via sacra*—led from the Curate's dwelling through his strip of glebe land to the chapel. There were many other pathways of lazy curve, lying like brown net-work on the green meadows, leading from the surrounding home-steads to this common centre, a rustic foot-bridge, which, however, I saw a privileged donkey or two occasionally crossing, spanned the stream, and united the sides of the vale.

Along each of those natural paths, as well as by the regular road, there were now advancing gaffers and gammers—comely matrons, and stout yeomen, whose limbs showed "the mettle of their pasture" the "lasses and their shepherd grooms," with children of all sizes, and a few younglings indulged in church-going in reverence of *Mothering Sunday*. The concourse of people was greater than ordinary; for this was a day consecrated to the domestic affections, in every house-hold of the parish. The son of my hostess had come from Birmingham, she told me: and every young girl of the parish made it a condition of her servitude, that she should be allowed to visit home on this day. It was the "Feast of Tabernacles" in Nunsbrooke.

I was distressed to find that the service had commenced ere I reached the church; for Richard Ashton in the house of God tarried no man's presence. I expected to see no common-place priest—nor was I disappointed. The curate, though not tall, inclined to that stature. He looked not more than sixty, though I knew he was ten years older—with dark and high features, rather manly than mild. The expansive and wrinkled brow and bald polished head, were remarkably fine—the lower part of the face was rather massive than well-formed. Yet what was the mere assemblage of features to that solemn and placid steadfastness—that unimpassioned fixity of look, which indicates the high-concentrated mental firmness and unity of purpose, which is the rarest and most excelling faculty of the human soul! All this power was at this moment bent to devotion. Mr. Ashton went through the church service with more energy than tutored elegance. There was even a relishing quaintness in his manner, but there were also the same fervent solemnity and earnestness as if he now performed this sacred office for the first time. To his devout energy what were the cold artificial graces of elocution! The voice of their pastor was neither soft nor melodious, but its accustomed tones thrilled to the hearts and consciences of his flock—and that was enough.

By certain understood signs I had already guessed that the sacrament of the Supper of our Lord was on this day to be administered, under circumstances which, to my feelings, rendered this, the most solemn mystery of the Christrian worship, doubly affecting. It was every long since I had witnessed the celebration of any ordinance of Christianity, save the frigid routine of mumbling the Liturgy, which might occasionally be witnessed at my remot and almost Pagan Indian station. The priest took his place by the altar—there was a little stir among the people, but not more than the softest patter of the April shower on the first forest leaves; and the family of my friend, separating from the other worshippers, and forming into one group, advanced by themselves to the altar, where their common father stood ready to administer the sacred ordinance. Kneeling there was the mother, with her two married and two unmarried daughters, a very fair young girl, the daughter of the eldest son, three sons, and two sons-in-law. With a fine instinctive feeling of delicacy, no other communicant approached the altar at this time. The truly apostolic and venerable man stood there "in the midst of the children whom God had given him,"—"he and his house vowed to serve the Lord. The sublime communion service of the church, its solemn warnings, and "confortable words," had never to me appeared half so beautiful and emphatic, as now when celebrated by a good old man, invested with the most sacred of human characters—the father and priest. During the passing of this holy mystery, I think there were more eyes glistening than mine.

At the conclusion of the service I was joined by my friend, and introduced in the church-porch to his mother, his favourite sister Marianne, and a competent number of the scattered brood who had this day flown back to the shelter of the parent wing. I could not—I would not refuse their hearty invitation to join the family festival, though at first I felt like an intermeddler with their joys. Nothing could exceed the comfort of the feast, save the happiness of the guest; nor had the regular routine of the household, in its plain diet and plainer services, been much departed from. Some of the members of the family, I afterwards understood, with incomes twenty times larger than that of the Curate of Nunsbrooke, had naturally given in to modes of life very different from the frugal simplicity of their early home; but on this day no fashionable airs were displayed—no luxury of accommodation was missed; and if their ways of life were somewhat changed, I think their spirits were still temperate, their hearts sound—and, so far from feeling shame of their father's respected poverty, glowing with a healthful pride in his virtues. When our venerable host left us, which he did early, I joined the females, heard the married sisters comparing notes about the growth, likenesses, and abilities of their children and more covertly shewing or exchanging small articles of dress, receiving counsel from their mother on proper modes of treatment for the children, of which the theory was simplicity, the practice herbs. In short, there was a quiet but constant and copious interchange of mingled thought and chat, kindly, serious, or frivolous, as it might be—if the genuine, confiding overflow of affectionate hearts can ever be called frivolous. I felt that my absence would not be marked, and retired.

I afterwards, in a twilight saunter by the brook, met my friend with his favourite sister, and her husband, who good-humouredly proposed joining me. "I must give Marianne an opportunity to tell Richard all her secrets," said he, "and afterwards I shall learn all his from Marianne."

I set out from Nunsbrooke early next morning in company with this gentleman, who left his wife to spend a few more days with her sisters and mother. We travelled to Liverpool together; and I was much pleased with the pride he seemed to have in his wife's family, and his affection for every member of it, especially for his friend Richard. They had when youths been for some years, in the same counting-house. Nor did I think a whit the less of his understanding, for the close resemblance which he supposed between the fair young girl and her aunt, his own plain, but affectionate, and sprightly Marianne.

I have not visited Nunsbrooke since, and probably I shall never see it again—but I know that it exists: nor have I met any of the family, though in the medly of life I have often heard of their names. Some of them are now highly prosperous mercantile people; others have had adverse fortune; but their father's clear strong judgment, and pure principles, have descended to them all, their unalienable and best inheritance. When in the gay world I occasionally find my comfortable income too limited for my imaginary wants, or am suffering at the same time under an east wind, and a grand assault of blue devils, trying to carry my mind by a *coup-de-main*, I think of the valley of Nunsbrooke, and of all of good and gracious that is round its quait stream. How can I forget it!

"The immortal memory of one happy day Sir
Lingers upon its marge."

Our Hr.

THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY.

By Miss Emma Roberts.

(From the London Weekly Review.)

The turtle loving alderman, learned in the topography of the coast from London to Margate, while describing the advantages of the steampacket over the ancient hoy, points out to his fellow passengers, no longer confined by sickness to the noisome crowded cabin, the island of Sheppey, and tells them, with a chuckle of delight, that it is famous for its sheep, and that haunches of mutton, fattened on its marshes, are nearly equal to the venison of the chase in flavour. The military or naval passenger will comment on, and criticise the architecture of the garrison of Sheerness, describe the improvements of the dock-yards and tell the story of the cannon ball thrown in by the Dutch admiral, in the reign of Charles II. The politician will descant upon the venality of the small town of Queensborough, and perchance favour the company with his own profound ideas upon the errors and abuses of the government. The medical man will gravely declare that all the bark of Peru will scarcely preserve the unfortunate inhabitants of the island from the plague of the ague, which, produced by the swampy grounds, reigns like a pestilence; out of very few, probably not one of the multitude who crowd the deck of the steam packet, will be aware that a spot in the isle of Sheppey commands one of the very finest prospects that England can boast, equalling, in extent and beauty, the celebrated views from Portsdown hill, and Lord de Clifford's park, and infinitely superior to that obtained from Mount Edgecumbe, or the race-course at Exeter. In fact, the Hebrides are more frequently visited, and are much better known than a village within a day's journey of London, which, from its insular situation, is rarely approached by the mercantile traveller, or the tourist of pleasure. Even those whom duty or business bring to Sheerness, disgusted with the appearance of the face of the country, will scarcely be induced to extend their survey beyound the fortifications; from thence the view is over a dead flat of sheep-walks uncloathed by trees, and unrelieved by any object of importance save a solitary signal post erected on the top of a naked hill: but if in despite of those unpromising appearances the visitor should be induced to explore this island, the distance of two mille will bring him to a place of public entertainment called the Half-way House. When the road to the left begins to the partially shaded with trees, a gentle ascent is succeeded by a considerable acclivity, and at every step the path improves in beauty, until at length the village of Minster appears. As it is one of the most ancient, so also is it one of the most picturesque and lovely places in England. The cottages, embosomed in trees, and surrounded by gardens, are beautifully dispersed amid green paddocks and luxuriant orchards; it seems to be the birth-place of Pomona, for the golden apple, the mellow pear, velvet plum, and the rubied cherry, hang in such rich abundance from the bending boughs, that one might imagine the infant goddess lay cradled on a couch of silvery blossoms, while her sister Ceres reposed on the waving corn fields below. The churchyard is situated nearly at the edge of a cliff which overhangs the beach, and from hence a view, the most superb imaginable, bursts upon the charmed eye: To the west, the Thames and the Medway, divided only by a tract of golden land, called, for its ferility, the Isle of Grain, are seen from afar, ere they unite their floods of molten silver in the confluence which forms a broad expanse of water ten miles wide, washing the base of the bold fortress of Sheerness, which rises proudly from the waves, beautifully contrasting by its dark bastions and cannon clothed ramparts, with the terrace of marble whiteness, which glitters on the sunshine like a fairy palace from the opposite coast of Essex, Southend. To the east, the ocean bearing on its bosom innumerable vessels, from the floating bulwarks of line-of-battle ships, to the cockle shell boat manned by a solitary fisher, rolls its illimitable waves, until the eye blends the lessening sail with the meeting horizon: and to the south, the vales of Kent lie extended like a mass, the infant Medway gently meandering through meadows, dotted with villages, and enlivened by every beautiful feature of rustic scenery. Independent of the magnificence of the prospect, the village of Minster offers many objects of interest to the visitor. The antiquary may indulge his passion for the crumbling reliques of the olden time, by inspecting the curious monuments enriched with the effigies of knights and dames which are to be found in the church. Too young, at the period of my short sojourn, to do more than gaze and wonder at the strange fancies and quaint devices which surounded the storied dead, my early love of marvellous legends was gratified by the relation of a stranger tale, which so strongly interested my youthful imagination, that I have since been at some pains to discover its origin.

It appeared from the narrative, that a famous freebooter in the reign of Queen Elizebeth infested the island, and made frequent predatory incursions into the interior of Kent. This daring marauder was represented, by the village Cicerone, to have been a nobleman under sentence of outlawry; who intrenched himself in a strong hold, which he possessed in the island, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the purses of travellers had obtained. By adoping the often-practised *ruse* of shoeing his horses' feet the contrary way, he frequently escaped detection, and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security. Thus the fame of the horse nearly rivalled that of his rider, whose exploits at length became so bold and frequent that the whole country rose up against him and finding himself too closely beset in his island to hope for extrication, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy (so says the tale) of Queen Elizabeth, then upon one of her progresses on board the Admiral's ship at the Nore. The queen, it is said, not disinclined to show favour to a man whose personal valour, determined perseverance, and fertility of resource were interesting on account of the air of romance which characterized his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. The conditions were, that he should swim on horseback three times round the flagship, and should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed, and a gereral pardon extended to all his offences. The Knight of Sheppey agreed to the terms; armed at all points, he bestrode his favourite companion, whose spirits he invigorated by copious draughts of brandy—plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and his master swam gallantly round the destined ship. The second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal skill and bravery. At the third, little more than the heads of the horse and its rider could be perceived, buffling with the wellering waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their instant annhiilation; straining each nerve and sinew to the utmost the gallant animal ceased not to struggle with the interminable billows until the painful task was completed and his weary limbs rested on the solid shore.

The place of landing was wild and desolate; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow beach, and concealed every human habitation from view. No friend or relation hastened to meet the successful adventurer with congratulations on his safety, and no sound could be heard, save the harsh croak of the raven from his eyry, answering the dull murmur of the sweeping waves below; but at the moment that the exhausted charger gained a firm footing on his parent earth, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weeds steaming in the wind ill concealed the hideous deformity of her squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and raising the shrivelled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an illomened prophecy, "Beware of that horse," cried the beldam, with a triumphant laugh of malice; "although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death." "Thou liest, fiend of mischief," cried the superstitious and brutal knight, "thus I falsify thy dark perdition."—and, drawing his sword, plunged it into the body of the faithful animal who fell dead upon the beach. Several years of uninterrupted prosperity passed away, but at length being accidentally led to the scene of his most extraordinary adventure, he pointed out to a friend the skeleton of the slaughtered horse, which, bleached by successive winters, still lay extended on the sand; repeating the prophecy of the witch, he laughed derisively, and spurning the head with his foot seperated it from the body by the stroke. He did not perceive, that in the act a small sharp bone had penetrated his buskin; the wound was inconsrderable, and disregarded; but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave. His remains were deposited in the vault of his ancestors, and the rustric triumphantly show the stranger a monument in which the rude sculptor of the time has attempted to delineate the ungrateful knight's history, a warrior clad in armour lies extended on the tomb, and at his feet is deposited the head of horse. The vane of a weathercock is also placed near the head of the animal, a circumstance adduced as a corroboration of the story. The original tradition, however, deffers widely from the legendary tale with which the village worthies delight to charm the listening ear: they impute these advantures to Sir Thomas, or, as they style him, Lord cheney who died in the first year of Elizabeth; while the horse's head is to be seen on the monument of Sir Robert de Sharland, Lord of Sharland, in the isle, created Knight Baroneret for his valour at the siege of Caer Caveroc Castle, by Edward I. Whether he ever increased his revenues, by the not uncommon practice of the middle ages, of robbing on the high way, which, in the fashionable language of the time, was called "living by the saddle," our chronicler has not informed us; but we learn from Pennant, that the knight having a quarrel with his priest burned the poor father alive, and that it was to obtain pardon for this crime that he swam his horse round the vessel in which King Edward lay at anchor.—

NAPOLEON'S LOVE LETTERS.

(From the Scotsman, October 13.)

When Napoleon Buonaparte met Madame de Beauharnais in society, and fell in love with her, he was already a general, but not in favour. His mein was neglected his uniform too long for his short stature and too wide for his meagre figure, his straight hairs fell ungracefully over sallow and sunken cheeks; his boots according to the weather, either coated with dust or begrimed with mud, gave him a singular and by no means gallant appearance. Although scarcely escaped from the wooden shoes and the *bonnet rouge* of the reign of terror, the higher circles of Parisian society affected splendour in their equipages and dress, and this affectation raged unbridled, especially among the women. Those of the society of the citoyenne Beauharnais called Napoleon *le vilain general*, the title which she herself gave him when conversing with her friends. One evening, towards midnight, Madame de Beauharnais arrived at the house of Madame Ch—R——, whom she found already retired to rest. "Get up, (said she) throw on your dress quickly, and come and be a witness for me to night, this very moment, I am to be married to *le vilain General*.

It was at this period and shortly after his marriage, that Napoleon wrote the indentical letters which Ladvocat, bookseller, has lately published at the end of the second volume of the "Memoires d'une Contemporaine." These letters are by no means calculated to increase the interest which we all take in the memory of Josephine. They prove that this beneficent woman was incapable of appreciating a true and fervent passion, much less of returning it. Buonaparte writes to her.—"May my genius, which has always protected me in the midst of the greatest perils, surround thee, cover thee: I yield it to thee, and abandon myself without defence"—"I have had a grand fete given to me here (at Milan); five or six hundred charming and elegant figures sought to please me, but not one of them resembled thee, not one of them had that sweet and melodious physiognomy which is so deeply engraven in my heart."—"I have not passed a day without loving the—a night without folding thee in my arms. I have not taken a cup of tea without cursing that glory and that ambition which detain me at a distance from the soul of my life."—"The thought of thee was in my soul before that of all nature; thy caprice was to me a sacred law; to be able to see thee was my sovereign happiness; thou art lovely, graceful; thy mild and celestial soul is depicted in thy countenance; I adored every thing in thee; hadst thou been younger and more *naive*. I should have loved thee less. Every thing delighted me, even the very remembrance of thy errors and of the afflicting scene which occurred a fortnight before our marriage. Virtue was in every thing that thou didst, honour in every thing that pleased thee; glory had no attractions for my heart except in as much as it was agreeable to thee and flattered thy self love." "Josephine, where will this letter reach thee? If at Paris, my misfortune is consummated; thou lovest me no longer. O thou—my tears flow—there is no longer repose or hope for me. I respect the will and the immutable law of destiny; it overwhelms me with glory, to make me feel my misery with increased bitterness."—"Thy children write me charming letters. Since I ought no longer to love thee, I love them still more. In spite of fate and honour I shall love thee all my life"—"My happiness consists in thy being happy, my joy in thy being gay, my pleasure in thy enjoyment of it. Adieu Josephine; thou art to me a world that I cannot explain; I love thee more every day." "I send thee, by Murat, 200 louis, of which thou wilt make use if thou hast need of them; if not, thou wilt employ them to furnish the apartments which thou intendest for me. If thou couldest but place thy portrait in every part of it! But no! that which I have in my heart is so beautiful, that how lovely soever thou mayest be, and however skilful the painter, thou wouldst assuredly lose by the attempt."—"I believed myself jealous, but I assure thee that there is nothing in it. Rather than know that thou wert melancholy, I believe that I could myself present thee with a lover."—"I learn that thou art ill, that there are three physicians in attendance upon thee; I thought that grief had its limits, but it is without bounds in my soul. A burning fever circulates in my veins, and despair takes possession of my heart."—"I detest Paris, women, love—this state is dreadful—and thy conduct—but ought I to accuse it? No *thy conduct is that of thy destiny*. So amiable, so mild, oughtest thou to be the murderous instrument of my despair?" "Josephine, thou wouldst have constituted the happiness of an envious or capricious man. Thou hast been my misery, and I tell thee so. I felt it whilst my soul was becoming intoxicated, whilst thine was daily gaining unlimited sway, and subjecting all my senses. Cruel woman! Why didst thou lead me to hope for a sentiment which thou didst not feel? But the reproach is unworthy of me—I never believed in happiness. Every day death is hovering around me—*is life worth the trouble of making so much noise!*"—"Farewell Josephine; remain at Paris; write to me no more; and at least respect my asylum. A thousand daggers pierce my heart plunge them not deeper. Farewell, my happiness my life; every thing that existed for me upon earth!!!"

What did Josephine say, what did she do on receiving from this victorious hand these testimonials of a love so tender and so true? Buonaparte will tell us. She wrote not; She answered nothing. He was reduced to tell her "I am weary of not calling thee by thy name. I wait in expectation that thou wilt write it to me. I send a kiss for thy children, *of whom thou sayest nothing*. Truly it would lengthen thy letters by one half; visitors at ten in the morning would not have the pleasure of seeing thee—Woman!!! Thou wert to have left Paris on the 9th, thou wert to have left it on the 11th and thou wert not gone on the 12th (*Prairial, An IV.*) When thou doest write to me it is few words. The style is never that of a deep felt sentiment. Thou hast loved me for a slight caprice. Thou feelest already that it would be ridiculous were t to fix thy heart. It seems to me that thou hast made thy choice; and that thou knowest to whom to address thyself to replace me. I wish thee happiness, if inconstancy can obtain it—I say not perfidy, for thou hast never loved."

In these love-letters the soul and the genius of Napoleon are revealed by rapid flashes. He writes to Josephine, who was still Madame de. Beauharnais, and who had reproached him with not loving her for *herself*: "Can so base a thought have been conceived in so pure a soul? I am still wrapt in astonishment at it, but less even than at that sentiment which, at the moment of my awakening, brought me without rancour and *without will* to thy feet. Surely it is impossible to be weaker and more degraded." And in another place;"If my heart were vile enough to love without return, I would tear it to pieces with my teeth—my heart had defended itself from love. Thou hast inspired it with a passion which knows no bounds—an intoxication which degrades it. Nature has made mine a firm and decided soul: she has formed thee of lace and gause. I never felt any thing feebly."—*Weekly Review.*

AMERICA.

JEFFERSON AND NAPOLEON,

[Extract from Mr. N. Biddle's Eulogium of Thomas Jefferson.]

"In the bearings of his personal character, Jefferson can be safely compared with the contemporary ruler of nations, not excepting him—the greatest of them all: nor need our patriotism shrink from the singular contrast between two men, chiefs for nearly an equal period of their respective countries, and models of their different species—Napoleon, the Emperor of a great nation—and Jefferson, the Chief Magistrate of a free People.

"Of that extraordinary being, it is fit to speak with the gentleness due to misfortune. Two centuries have scarce sufficed to retrieve the fame of Cromwell from that least expiable of crimes—his success over a feeble and profligate race, more fortunate in their historian than in their history; and the memory of Napoleon must long atone equally for his elevation and his reverses. There are already those who disparage his genius, as if these were not to humble the nations who stood dismayed before it. Great talents, varied acquirements, many high qualities, enlightened views of legislation and domestic policy, it were bigotry to deny to Napoleon. The very tide of his conquests over less civilized nations, deposited, in receding, some benefits even to the vanquished; and all that glory that can contribute to public happiness, was profusely lavished on his country. But in the midst of this gaudy infatuation, there was that which disenchanted the spell—that which struck its damp chill into the heart of any man who, undazzled by the vulgar decorations of power, looked only at the blessings it might confer, and who weighed, instead of counting these victories. Such are the delusions which military ambition sheds in turn on its possessor and on the world, that its triumphs begin with the thoughtless applause of its future victims, and end in the maddening intoxication of its own prosperity. We may not wonder, then if, when those who should have first resisted his power, were foremost in admiration and servility—when the whole continent of Europe was one submissive dependance on his will—when, among the crowd of native and stranger suppliants who worshipped before this idol there was any one manly and independent voice to rebuke his excesses in a tone worthy of a free People, that of the representative of Jefferson—we may not wonder if all the brilliant qualities which distinguished the youth Napoleon, were at last concentrated into a spirit of intense selfishness, and that the whole purpose to which his splendid genius was perverted, was the poor love of swaying the destinies of other men—not to benefit, not to bless, but simply to command them—to engross every thing, to be every thing.

It was for this that he disturbed the earth with his insane conquest; for this that the whole freedom of the human mind—the elastic vigour of the intellect—all the natural play of the human feelings—all free agency were crushed beneath its fierce and immitigable dominion, which, degrading the human race into mere objects and instruments of slaughter would soon have left nothing to science but to contrive the means of mutual destruction, and nothing to letters except to flatter the common destroyer. Contrast his feverish restlessness, which is called ambition—this expanded love of violence, which makes heroes—contrast these as they shone in the turbulent existence of Napoleon, with the peaceful, disinterested career of Jefferson, and, in all the relations of their power—its employment, and its result—we may assign the superiority to the civil magistrate.

"Napoleon owed his elevation to military violence; Jefferson to the voluntary suffrage of his country. The one ruled sternly over reluctant subjects; the other was but the foremost among his equals who respected in person the image of their own authority. Napoleon sought to enlarge his influence at home by enfeebling all the civil institutions, and abroad by invading the possessions of his neighbours; Jefferson preferred to abridge his power by strict constructions, and his counsels were uniformly dissuasive against foreign wars. Yet the personal influence of Jefferson was far more enviable: for he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his country—while Napoleon had no authority not conceded by fear; and the extortions of force are evil substitutes for that most fascinating of all sway—the ascendancy over equals. During the undisputed possession of that power, Napoleon seemed unconscious of its noblest attribute—the capacity to make men freer or happier; and no one great or lofty purpose of benefiting mankind, no generous sympathy for his race, ever disturbed that sepulchral selfishness, or appeased that scorn of humanity, which his success almost justified. But the life of Jefferson was a perpetual devotion, not to his own purposes, but to the pure and noble cause of public freedom. From the first dawning of his youth, his undivided heart was given to the establishment of free principles—free institutions—freedom, in all its varieties of untrammelled thought and independent action. His whole life was consecrated to the improvement and happiness of his fellow men; and his intense enthusiasm for knowledge and freedom, was sustained to his dying hour. Their career was as strangly different in its close as in its character. The power of Napoleon was won by the sword—maintained by the sword—lost by the sword. That collossal empire which he had exhausted his fortune in rearing, broke before the first shock of adversity. The most magnificently gorgeous of all the pageants of our times—when the august ceremonies of religion blessed and crowned that soldier emperor, when the allegiance of the great captains who stood by his side, the applauses of assembled France in the presence of assenting Europe, the splendid pomp of war softened by the smiles of beauty, and all the decoration of all the arts blended their enchantments as that imperial train swept up the isles of Notre Dame—faded into the silent cabin of that lone island in a distant sea. The hundred thousand of soldiers who obeyed his voice—the will which made the destiny of men—the name whose humblest possessor might be a king—all shrunk into the feeble band who followed the captivity of their master. Of all foreign triumphs not one remained, and in his first military conquest—his own country—which he had adorned with the monuments of his fame, there is now no place even for the tomb of this desolate exile. But the glory of Jefferson became even purer as the progress of years mellowed into veneration the love of his countrymen. He died in the midst of a free people, whom he had lived to serve; and his only ceremonial worthy equally of him and of them, was the simple sublimity of his funeral triumph. His power he retained as long as he desired it, and then voluntarily restored the trust, with a permanent addition—derived from Napoleon himself---far exceeding all the limits of the French empire---that victory of peace which outweighs all the conquests of Napoleon, as one line of the Declaration of Independence is worth all his glory.

"But he also is now gone. The genius, the various learning, the private virtues, the public honours, which illustrated and endeared his name, are gathered into the tomb, leaving to him only the fame, and to us only the remembrance of them. Be that memory cherished without regret or sorrow; Our affection could hope nothing better for him than this long career of glorious and happy usefulness, closed before the infirmities of age had impaired its lustre; and the grief that such a man is dead may be well assuaged by the proud consolation that such a man has lived."—*Boston, August 11. 1827.*

COLONEL VAN HELEN'S NARRATIVE.

Of his Imprisonment in the Dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid, and his escape in 1817 and 1818, with his subsequent adventures in Russia.

These interesting columns are the production of a Spanish Patriot, who having been betrayed to the authorities by a friend in whom he had placed confidence, was seized and immured in the Inquisition for several months. The usual preliminary severities and persecutions were there resorted to, in order to extract from him the names of those patriots with whom he had been acting in concert; but these severities having wholly failed to intimidate this brave and honourable man, the actual torture was finally applied. We extract his account of the process:—

"At about 8 o'clock at night of the same day (Nov. 20th.) Don Quanito entered my dungeon with a lantern in his hand, followed by four other men, whose faces were concealed by a piece of black cloth, shaped above the head like a cone, and falling over the shoulder and chest, in the middle of which were two holes for the eyes. I was half asleep, when the noise of the doors opening awoke me, and by the dim-light of the lantern, I perceived those frightful apparitions. Imagining I was labouring under the effects of a dream, I earnestly gazed awhile on the group, till one of them appeared, and pulling me by the leather strap with which my arms were bound, gave me to understand that I was to rise. Having obeyed this summons, my face was covered with a leather mask, and in this manner I was led out of the prison. After walking through various passages on a level with that of my dungeon, we entered a room, where I heard Zorilla order my attendants to untie the strap. 'Listen with attention,' he then exclaimed, addressing me, 'since you have hitherto been deaf to the advice which this holy tribunal has repeatedly given you in their spirit of peace, humanity, and religious charity.'—'This holy tribunal has at last recourse to rigour. We judge the cause of our Divine Redeemer and of our Catholic King, and we shall know how to fulfil the high ministry with which the supreme spiritual and temporal authority has invested us. The most rigorous torments will be employed to obtain from you these truths or you shall expire in the midst of them. God and the King require that it should be so. This holy tribunal will fulfil their duties—yes!

"The agitation of the moment permitted me to utter only a few words, which, however, were not listened to, and I was hurried away to the farther end of the room, the gaoler and his assistants exerting all their strength to secure me. Having succeeded in raising me from the ground, they placed under my armpits two high crutches, from which I remained suspended; after which my right arm was tied to the corresponding crutch, whilst the left being kept in a horizontal position, they encased my open hand in a wooden glove extending to the wrist, which shut very tightly, and from which two large iron bars ran. Under the effects of this infliction, the author continued to suffer severely in his health for many weeks. At length, the compassionate feelings of a young girl employed in menial offices about the Inquisition, seem to offer him a chance of escaping from that living grave. By her means Colonel Van Helen's friends received the first intimation of the fate which had befallen him, and were directed to make the necessary arrangements for receiving and concealing him, in case of a successful issue to his attempt at escape. From her, also, he obtained such information respecting the internal regulations of the prison, as enabled him to form a corresponding plan of action, which plan he carried into execution with great spirit and complete effect. The account of his concealment in Madrid for a considerable period, and of his subsequent journey through Spain, under the singular but well-chosen disguise of a public commissioner, is replete with interest. Colonel Van Halen arrived safely in England; but the painful circumstances under which, as an emigrant with reduced means, he necessarily laboured, and the desire for active employment, natural to his time of life, and his profession, led him to determine on entering the Russian service. After encountering many obstacles, he at length succeeded in accomplishing his purpose; and the 2d vol. of his work is occupied by the history of his personal adventures in the north, and an account of the campaign carried on against a revolted province of Georgia. This latter portion is rendered additionally interesting by the war which now exists between Russia, and Persia, and which is expected to terminate in an arrangement by which the Araxes will form the boundary line of Persia on the Georgian side. The Russians will then have obtained possession of the whole of Georgia, their first interference in whose affairs took place in 1586, when, at the request of a Georgian Prince, they erected a few forts on the river Terak. Of the country thus acquired, and its capabilities, Col. Van Helen thus speaks:—"The fine climate and fertile soil of Georgia produce every kind of fruit found in the south of Spain, such as the vine, olive, almond, pear, apricot, date, mulberry, and pomegranate, and woods of rose-trees. All these are seen in blossom in the first days of March, Nature, here so prodigal of her gifts, demands only the cares of man to make Georgia the most prosperous province of the East." The communication between Georgia and Astrachan, through Daghestan, and with the Black Sea, through Ismeritia, "an object, the attainment of which is zealously attended to by the Government," will open new sources of properity to that country, in which a surprising degree of commercial activity is already in a course of developement.

BURNS THE POET.

The following coincidence between Burns (in one of his songs), and a passage in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, is pointed out in the notes to the new edition of Dodsley's *Old Play's*. The words of Burns are—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
"The man's the gold for a' that," &c.

And Wycherley thus gives the same thought;

[Continued in the Second Supplement.]

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23RD 1828.

[*Continued from the Supplement.*]

"I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your Lord is a leaden shilling, which will bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears."—P. D. A. I. sc. I.

Another remarkable resemblance, almost amounting to identity, between the same Scotch poet, and a much older dramatist than Wycherley, has been detected by the same authority. The following lines by Burns, are known to every body in the three kingdoms:

"Her 'prentice han'
She tried on man,
And syn' she made the lasses, O,"

In *Cupid's Whirligig*, a Comedy, printed in 1607, and written, perhaps, before the death of Elizabeth, is the subsequent passage—"Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistrees of her art."

[The expression first quoted was most likely borrowed from Steele, who, in one of his papers in the *Spectator*, says—we quote from memory—"rank without worth is at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal." Odd volumes of the *Spectator* are to be found in most Scotch cottages. The *Spectator* formed a part of what William Burns, Robert's father would have called his library. Burns, however, did not write the stanza in question. He expressly says it was furnished by a friend This fact is the more deserving of notice, that in the infamous libel on poor Burns, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, under the pretence of reviewing *Cromik's Reliques*, the thought about the stamp is expressly dwelt on by the critic, and eulogized.]—*New Times, Sept.* 29.

Literature.

BLUE STOCKING HALL.

Since the time of Defoe, whose *Religious Courtship*, however, was rather a drama than a novel, religious fiction was never successfully revived among us, untill the appearance of Mrs. More's *Cælebs*. That work acquired a high degree of applause and a circulation so extensive, as to seem (at this time, when its lustre is gone) incredible. The success of *Cælebs* produced one or two attempts to imitate it; but till the appearance of the work before us, there, has been no probability of Mrs. M.'s finding a rival on her own peculiar ground. The secret of this we take to be, that Mrs. M.'s imitators not only did not possess any of her talent, but had not sincerity of belief, nor the purpose of doing good, which animated the writer of *Cælebs* all of which, in our opinion, are inherited by the authoress of *Blue Stocking Hall*. With a knowledge of the world infinitively more extensive, and various than Mrs. M. discovers, the lady to whom we are indebted for the novel before us combines, if not a higher faculty of amusing, at least a much more exuberant display of it; and while her remarks on manners, society, literature, marriage, establishments, education, fashion, &c. &c. show that she is an acute woman of the world, her discussions of the important subjects of morals, religion, and death, prove her to be a Christian; and her clever and vivacious sketches of character and conduct convince us that she possesses many of the qualities of a genuine novelist. As a specimen of her more serious manner, our reader may take the following sketch of the fashionable world:—

"Aye, 'all the world's a stage,' now-a-days. Nature—beautiful, refreshing Nature—is dismissed from what is technically called 'good society.' Too many of our youth of *one* sex are become horse-jockies and pugilists—idle at school, dissipated at the University, and ignorant of most things, except what contributes to animal ease and luxury, they issue from the academic groves in full-fledged folly, knowing little indeed of learning, either ancient or modern, but well skilled in sauces and French wines They are well read in the last edition of Dr. Kitchiner, they are connoisseurs in eating and drinking, they can break their heads in the fancy ring, and their hearts in a rowing match. But, alas! how comparatively small the number of those who commence the business of life well furnished with useful knowledge, learning, taste, discretion! with all these qualities in short which ought to distinguish man from the inferior creation! How often are we disappointed when we cast our eyes around, in this polished age of the world, in quest of the materials which are to supply our future strength in every department of the State! A youth governed by religious principle, his head stored with science and literature, while his heart expands to *all* the social ties of generous affection, is the *only* character to whom the interests of his fellowmen may be fearlessly consigned; because he alone feels what they truly are; and he only who has learned himself to bow with respect to the wisdom of experience, and conform to the discipline of moral rule, may be trusted to watch over the happiness of others.

Yes such a being as this is a *rara avis in terris*, while the degenerate race, which I before described, crowd our streets and highways; and hope one day, through the influence of rank, to take their seats upon our parliamentary benches, where they will vote away our liberties or relax them to license, just as interest guides, or party governs. Believe me, my young friend, "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark"; and in turning our eyes towards the other sex, the eye finds nothing on which to rest with more complacency, except amongst the few who have sense enough to perceive and courage sufficient to resist, the tide of fashionable folly. In what is called *the world*, it would seem that there is a *guillotine* established, to which every intellectual energy is fitted by lopping off every germ that buds beyond the narrow limits assigned as the modern standard. The heart is forced to undergo a like operation; all the young affections, timid respect, and blushing reserve, which would seem to be the indigenous growth of the female mind, are destroyed with as much zeal as the gardener employs in restraining the luxuriance of his espaliers. Dressed to a common model, both in mind and body, you pass from one automaton to another, in a London drawing-room, without being concious that you change your place unless by the variety of glare in the colours that surround you. These *effigies* neither see, feel, hear, nor understand, except as machines may appear to do. Likings, dislikings, looks, words, and actions, all are artificial; and natural disposition is only displayed when it is too late to regulate its movements. Marriage, like the fifth act of a play, brings matters to a conclusion, and our young ladies drive off from the theatre to exhibit at home the materials which *really* compose their character. It may be that vanity, only changing its diet, is still fed to repletion; but should circumstances deny what habit and education have taught to be the only good, disappointment will have its revenge, a hecatomb of domestic victims must expiate the crime of all who withold the accustomed tribute that had been paid to the attractions of youth.

The various groups introduced into these volumes are painted with nice discrimination; we give a brief sample of the writers's manner of sketching character:—

"The Burleys, who are our nearest neighbours are people of large fortune, and decidedly children of this world. They have sons and daughters all brought up in luxury. They have a house in London, go to town every year, have large expectancies, and so no doubt are full of the present 'life's futurities;' but while they are in the country, they inclined to be very friendly, and it will not be *their* fault if the inhabitants of their splendid hall and those of humbler Checkley are not allied in close intimacy. I am quite aware how the homely adage of 'for want of company welcome trumpery,' applied upon many occasions when fine people leave the flaunting crowd, and come to rusticate for a season in their country seats. But the Burleys, to do them justice, seem to wish for a familiar acquaintance on truer principles. Sir Thomas is a complete Englishman, worthy, hospitable, open-hearted, up to the eyes in county politics, and when the affairs of this *wider* range are so balanced as not to call forth the extent of ths powers, the parish cabals supply an under plot, which is sure to keep them in full practice for larger matters when they may arrive. At present, the game laws absorb all that is not given to conviviality, in the circuit of his head and heart, *without* the pale of his own family *in* which he is deservedly beloved, and *of* which he is the sun-beam. Lady B. is simply vapid. She is neither ill-natured nor unkind, but so exceedingly insipid, that were not a log as troublesome as a wasp, though not so active, you might be justified in forgetting that she makes one of the family group. Devoured by *ennui* herself, she operates on all around her till the whole mass would be *vaporized*, were it not for the broad good-humour of her spouse, who is as alert as she is inanimate. They do not *quarrel*, however, and the young people, though very uninteresting, are sufficiently alive to keep up something like cheerfulness, though not of that species which the French appropriately denominate *gait du cœur*. The *talk* at Burley Hall is so entirely of fashion, and *supposes* such a sympathy of pursuit, as well as conversancy with topics of which Julia is ignorant, that I question the honesty of permitting her to associate amongst those whose thoughts and feelings are so much at variance with her own, and of such a nature, that I never desire to see her approximate to increased congeniality with them.

"A mile farther off we have the Henleys; excellent people, who are from morning till night engaged in doing good. They are rich and bountiful, friendly and good-humoured, but so strict, and so devoted to the *letter* of their particular sect, that if you agreed to travel with them over a line which had been divided into a hundred distinct measures, of a cubit length in each, and that after performing ninety-nine steps in the series, you were to stop at the hundredth, your former task would go for nothing, and you would be as completely distanced as if you had never attempted to walk the course. These good people are anxious, in the greatest degree, to enlist my young folks, and, like the nuns, think it no harm to employ every art of affectionate inveiglement to persuade them into an adoption of a certain distinctive phraseology, and *form* of thinking, which I do not like, and, therefore shall endeavour to avoid, without wishing to repel the kind fellowship which is proffered, though I conclude that *our* religion will be at once condemned, when it is discovered that I do not disapprove of many things which are proscribed at the Priory. I heard it rumoured the other day, that I am considered one of the *pie-bald* race. What am I to do?

"Well, a third description of neighbour, and by much the most numerous, I find planted in three or four pretty places at no great distance from Checkley. There is a family of Lines, another of Peachum, and others whose names I need not plague you by calling over, with competent fortunes enjoy all the comfort of life which money can bestow, and feel all the title to consideration which belongs to independence. *but* who are so intolerably dull, unimproving, and self-complacent, so vulgar too in a perpetual rivalry of fine dinners, fine furniture, and fine dress, which have not even the stamp of fashion to recommend them, that my mind revolts against introducing my nieces into such a society as they form,

"A fourth order remains to be mentioned, and here my pen could expatiate, untired of so delightful a theme, is a family of Stanley who live six miles from this, and with whom it would be delightful to live in constant communion, if the distance between our two houses did not throw a barrier in the way of daily intercourse. They put me in mind of the Douglas circle, and can I say more to mark the estimation in which I hold them? Father, mother, and children of both sexes are superior to almost any people that I have ever met with, learned, informed, accomplished; the mind is kept in a continual round of exertion in their company, refreshing from its variety, and stimulating from its animation. An hour passed at Brandon Court supplies materials for a week's *rumination*; and, like animals that chew the cud, we repose day after day, living on the nutriment which we have collected in the fertile pastures of that attractive spot. Nature's economy is such, in the midst of her lavish profusion, that she seldom endows the same individual with very opposite qualities; and we usually seek for the serenity of contemplation in scenes, and amongst people far remote from the busy practitioner. The Stanleys, like yourselves, combine all the characteristics so rarely found in union. At Brandon Court you have meditation, not monastic—seriousness, not rigid—sentiment, never morbid—and practical energy, neither course nor bustling. Perfect harmony subsist amongst the various members of the interesting group. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are truly *one*. Every thought exposed by either meets from the other a response of delighted affection, whilst a joyous band of happy youth disport around them, whose only rivalry consist in trying who shall contribute most to the general stock of happiness, and pay most attention to the authors of their being."—*The New Times, Nov.* 9.

Embellishments of the Literary Souvenir.

MR. ALARIC WATTS, whose 'Literary Souvenir' has been so generally admired, is not likely to fall behind his contemporaries, or rivals in the race for public favour, In the Annuals for 1828. His volume will not be published, we understand, until the ensuing week. But having seen a rough copy of the letter-press in sheets, and proofs of the plates intended to accompany it, we are enabled to state, with confidence, that both will possess strong claims to public favour.

Of the illustrations, the first plate in the volume, which represents the Duke and Duchess reading Don Quixote, is extremely beautiful and highly characteristic, both in costume and expression. The engraved title is one of the richest we have yet seen in this class of publications. The second plate, representing Juliet after the Masquerade, is an exquisite combination of the utmost tranquillity of inanimate nature, with the soul-subduing power of voluptuous passion in animated being. In the softness, languor, intensity, and exclusiveness of the most impassioned love, nothing can surpass this deeply expressive picture. The third plate, representing Psyche borne by the Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure, is equally as beautiful as the preceding, though of a different character; the gracefulness of all the forms composing this aerial groupe is not less striking than the individual loveliness of the principal figure and her winged attendants. Medora, after a picture by Mr. Pickersgill, is also a fine illustration of deep and powerful sentiment at the most appropriate season for intense feeling, amid the profound stillness of night. It has some points of resemblance with his celebrated picture of The Oriental Love Letter, given in 'The Amulet,' and there illustrated by some highly characteristic lines from the pen of his gifted wife; but notwithstanding this, it has an expression peculiarly its own, and quite in keeping with the passion intended to be portrayed.

The triumph of art seems to us, however, to be in the picture by Mr. Linton, representing the Return of a Victorious Armament to a Greek City. It has all the architectural majesty of Martin, with the finest and richest effects of marine objects, in the many-oared galleys and banners of a victorious fleet, foaming over an agitated sea through a narrow strait of entrance to an ancient harbour, and received by the greetings and acclamations of an admiring multitude, assembled on the portals of public temples to welcome their return.

There are several other subjects, which we have not time to enumerate in detail; and of the literary contents, which, on a hasty glance, appear to sustain the previously acquired reputation of the work, we must also defer saying more till we have had an opportunity of going through its pages with the equisite leisure and care.—*The Sphynx.*

The Pine-Tree Dell, and Other Tales. 2 vols. 12mo. London, J. Andrews.

The author of Highways and Byways gives a delightful description of some of those little lonely valleys which, untouched by the hand of man, seem favourites where Nature has lavished all her luxuriance—filled with wild flowers, gushing springs, and green shrubs!—such a vale is, we think, a meet emblem of a young mind in its first season of poesy and romance; when being in a world of its own, it revels in the luxury of fresh feelings and fair creations. Such are the volumes before us; tales of wild interest, touched by beauty and passion, and giving evidence of a soil whose natural richness well deserves cultivation. The Pine-Tree Dell is a tale of supernatural agency and human interest; it is well told and the character of Hilda a conception worthy of poetry. The story of the Venetian Artist is beautifully commenced, but it falls off towards the end. The Enchanted Island is a failure; the imaginative is not the absurd: our author's vein does not lie in the humorous. The Poet's Love Story we have purposely kept to the last, as we can speak of it in terms of unqalified praise perhaps the hero's first reading Shakespeare is a fair specimen of the fanciful elegance of the style. The interst of the tale, (for we will not spoil it by meagre analysis) we must leave to, we doubt not, its numerous readers.

"I remember perfectly well, it was on a warm summer evening that I strolled out to a favourite seat of mine under an old oak tree, with a soft bank of moss round it and so placed that it caught the last rays of the evening sun, and was away from every sound and noise except a little babbling brook that ran through the copse-wood. That evening I left my father dozing over his pipe and his newspaper, and stole out to my favourite haunt with the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' under my arm; and never shall I forget the enthusiastic delight I felt on my first perusal of this piece. Fancy, gentle reader, if you have the least spark of poetry in your soul, fancy what it would be to read Shakespeare for the *first time*, and never to have heard of him before; to read him without prepossession and without expectation; to have the pleasure and vanity of *finding out* his beauties, without having seen him murdered on the stage, or mutilated in hackneyed quotations; to read him without reference to imputed plagiarism and disputed readings: in short, to come to him in all the freshness of poetic feelings and young enthusiasm; to be *able* to *feel* poetry, and to feel it for the first time by reading Shakespeare. One must have been almost situated as I was, to comprehend the rush of delight I experienced as I went on. It was like magic to me. I had no need of explanation, I had no need of knowledge to understand my subject; for Shakspeare is so truly the poet of nature, that ignorant as I was of every thing *but* nature, my imagination readily conceived every thing he told. The novelty to me of dramatic dialogue brought the scene completely before my eyes; and in the play I first read, most of the characters are so entirely fanciful, they called back again some of the dear wild visions I had discarded, and I was carried back to the poetry of my childhood thoughts. The closing light of the evening forced me to shut the book; but I sat a long time under the oak tree musing on the scenes I had read, till my fancy had peopled every hollow, tree and distant dell with elves and spirit, and I almost expected to see a Hermia and a Helena come out from the recesses of the wood. Love, such as is so beautifully described in this play, was as yet an incomprehensible feeling to me; but I placed it with the world of sensation and ideas that were yet mysteries; for I daily felt the truth of the obvervation, that the more one knows, the more one finds still unknown. I had not yet begun to find myself ignorant, for the acquisition of the very little knowledge I possessed was so sudden, that I had not recovered from the blaze of my own acquirements. A single taper will dazzle the eyes of one who has just emerged from darkness. Shakespeare was a library to me of poetry, of philosophy, of morality; I read his works till I almost knew them by heart; and to those days of my ignorance, when I knew only poetry and nature, do I look back as the purest and happiest of my life: other joys came more rapturous, other pride of higher attainment; but that evening when I read Shakespeare for the first time, and felt as it were a new soul awakened within me, was,

I repeat, one of the happiest of my life."

If imagination and feeling, embodied in interesting fictions, can render volumes attractive, these, certainly are so: and we recommend them most especially to our young and our fair readers; from one of whom, we should guess, they have emanated. [*Literary Gazette.*

ON FINE WRITING.

(From the diffusion of education, it is seriously apprehended that the kind wheel of the social machine will overtake the fore wheel; that our clowns will outstrip squires in knowledge, our artisans outshine dukes in science. In no province is the advancing superiority of the lower over the higher classes more obvious than in that of fine writing. Excellence in fine writing, we may observe to be in an inverse proportion to the degree of the writer. Take up a well conducted newspaper, for example, and read the leading article, which is written by the chief man, you will see that it is couched in plain language, such as any fool could use or undestand; but in the police reports and accidents and offences, drawn up by the inferior subalterns, you will observe all the riches and refinements of the language prodigally lavished on the most barren subjects. Thus it is, that if yon give some men a rock, they will make of it a garden of sweets; while if you bestow the most fruitful soil on others, they will suffer it to become a wilderness. This is a thing in literature, that calls loudly for reform. It is especially desirable that the better classes should every where be instructed in a method which may enable them to keep, or rather to obtain, start of their inferiors in the great art o fine writing. It is scandalous that the journalist should be excelled by his police reporter or penny-line man; that the peerees should be excellent in letter-writing by her maid, the duke by his valet, the statesman by the porter who hands his despatches to the courier. In order to avoid these disgraces, I propose to communicate some hints for the formation of a fine style.

Rule 1.—Never use the first word which presents itself to your mind; you may be sure that it is the one in common use, and therefore the most improper for a fine writer. The good wife according to Solomon, "fetches her food from afar;" the fine writer fetches his words from afar. You may remark through life, that things are never valued which are close at hand. I know that Quintilian says that words cohere to ideas; but his instructions would never make a fine writer—"I pray you avoid them." When you have an idea to express, translate it into the most difficult words which you can find in your vocabulary, and render your language to the thoughts what the shell is to the nut; so shall the idea be the more prized, when, like the kernel, it shall have been arrived at through tough obstacles. A still more important maxim is, however, to be observed, namely.

Rule 2d.—Never use a single word when you can employ a phrase for the same thing, or a description. The simple names of things are all vulgar. The Morning Herald, which contains in itself examples of every excellence of style, once most critically observed of Mr. Canning, that he was a fine orator, because he would not consent to mention a cat in the House of Commons, but adumbrated it under the description of "a certain domestic animal, the delight and solace of antiquated virginity." This single delicacy was sufficient to stamp Mr. Canning a rhetorician of the first flower to my taste; and I valued the critical judgment of the Herald, in attracting notice to so nice a beauty, scarcely less than the excellence itself. There was something much to my mind in the esteeming Mr. Canning a great orator, because he had refused to mention a cat. It is by these indications that, as by a shibboleth, one fine writer detects another.

When you have to express a thing, then first consider how you can involve it in the largest phrase, the most goodly periphrasis—always bearing in mind that the farthest way about is the nearest way home: and if you cannot hit on any circumlocution, then search your memory or the Dictionary for the longest word—the less known it is, of course, the better. Perhaps the most excellent school diction is to be found in the newspaper reports of accidents and offences, and the Morning Post accounts of routs, fetes, and concerts. It is in these performances that we trace that fine writing which we look for in vain in the works of those authors who fill the highest rank in the republic of letters. The hind wheel has here indeed overtaken the fore one, and shameful is it to witness so malancholy a fact. By the best masters, no simple word or simple phrases are ever used, and no substantive is allowed to go at large without at least two adjectives leaning upon its arms. The substantives are merely beaux to promenade these gay belles along the malls of print.

There are a number of words and phrases which are altogether proscribed by the finest writers. Fire, water, air, lightning wind, dancing, morning, thief, &c. &c. Fire, for instance, is the devouring element; lightning, the electric fluid; and people who dance, are the votaries of Terpsichore tripping it on the light fantastic toe; wind is Boreas; air, Zephyrs; morning, Aurora with rosy fingers unbarring the portals of the East; young thief is a juvenile delinquent; an old one, a hoary offender.

If you have occasion to describe a man rising after having received a knock down blow by no means say that "he got up," but "he resumed the perpendicular." There is a raciness about these quaint modes of expression, independent of their learnedness and their gentlemanly length. Never call a spade a spade—it is indecent; if you speak of the implement with which you fix the flying thought to the retentive paper (observe that periphrasis) avoid the simple and vulgar name of pen, as you would shun battle, murder, and sudden death; style it grey goose quill, a plume—what you will, except a pen.—*A Correspondent in the Atlas.*

A WET DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Rain! Rain! nothing but rain!" I exclaimed, on looking from my window, after three days incessant rain; "this is enough to dissolve the philosophy of a Stoic, were it of penetrable stuff. Every thing looked sombre and uncomfortable. The milk maid now appeared anxiously hastening home, her garments loaded with moisture, and clinging ungracefully around her form. She was not now gay, rosy, and charming, as when she charmed the hearts of the village youths on a fine May morning. Even old age then seemed young—*pro tempore* watching her elastic step and happy face. But, happily for my pretty milkmaid, there were few to observe the miseries of mud, as the streets were tenantless, save that a few pigs were wallowing in what they appeared to think the *summun bonum* of swinish happiness—a huge heap that the road-scrapers had left ornamenting the side of the street. The village ducks, too, added their unmusical note to the grunt of the grunters, as they jointly enjoyed the delights of the gutter. I envied them—they could find pleasure in rain. I sought to amuse myself—a smoky room smothered all my ideas. I tried Gibbon; this, I cried, will be a day made on purpose to examine the various religious creeds and sects of the first ages of Christianity;—now I shall know the commencement of the divisions of the Church—the schism of the East and the West—The ambition of Monks and Bishops. But, alas! the enjoyment was only in anticipation—that vile smoke, the bane of an Englishman's happiness, came in volumes from the chimney, overpowered the contents of Gibbon's enlightened volume, and made one mist of the multifarious and abstruse doctrines of the Arians, Sabellians, Circumcellions. Tritheists. Ebionites, Apollinarians, Nestorians, and a hundred other arians.—The difference between the Homoousians, and the Homoiousians, that so engaged, and perhaps wasted, the learning and talents of the wise men of the fourth century went off in smoke, and I remained in happy ignorance. Hours passed on; still it rained; and even the ragged urchin who daily amused himself by playing the Devil's tattoo with the iron of that terrific engine of justice, the village stocks, was compelled to give up his play-thing and stay at home. *Ennui* was laying fast hold of me, though I wrestled with it like an ancient gladiator, or like one of the disciples of the Fancy, when—magnificent incident for a wet dey!—the parish overseer came in view, severe and inflexible in appearance;—the whole outward man seemed formed for *dunning*, though his eloquence differed essentially from that of the celebrated lawyer of that name. A dreadnought coat of a dirty white, a hat of rusty black, with large brim, and a pair of clumsy half boats, after country fashion, covered the exterior of this unwelcome visitor, who had chosen this inhospitable day that the old excuse of "Not at home, Sir," might not avail. Rap—one determined rap marked the rapper. A slip-shod, lank-haired girl, responded to the rap. "I am come for poors' rate." "My master is gone out," meekly replied the fair one. "I must have the money; I can call no more; I've my 'coun's to make up;" gruffly rejoined the man of rates; "I shall be out of pocket; I shall send a summons." The word summons seemed to frighten the girl, who closed the door, and my overseer, followed by his sheep-dog, as rough as himself, went on his way, and I saw him no more. I watched a spider who had the good luck to find a dry and sheltered corner to form his geometrical net. I saw, but I did not envy, the weary sportsman returning from what to him, perhaps, was a day of pleasure; but the birds might say like the frogs in the fable, "What is fun to you is death to us." Hares hung from his saddle, seeming rather to have died from water than from fire and lead. His stout little pony shook showers from his mane, and the good double-barrelled Manton was drenched in rain. Night came at last, and darkness put an end to my observations.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

(From the Mechanics' Magazine.)

There are few who have not read or heard of the Long Walk in Windsor Park—one of the most majestic avenues, perhaps, in the world. It is perfectly straight, about three miles and a half in length, and shaded on each side by double rows of stately trees. At the end of this walk there rises before you a new and magnificent entrance to the Castle, on the south side; consisting of a handsome portal, flanked by two towers with machiolated battlements each about one hundred fee high.

The corner stone of this new entrance was laid by his present Majesty, on the 12 h of August, 1824; and it is hence appropriately named King George the Fourth's Gateway. The towers on each side bear, as formerly, the good old English titles of York and Lancaster. The foundations and walls of the former were part of the old building—the latter is entirely new. In the minor details of this noble entrance, the most scrupulous attention has been shown to what may be called the architectural costume of the olden time. The numerous machiolations (apertures supported by corbels or brackets, for pouring down melted lead, and other weapons of annoyance on a besieging enemy) are in particular strikingly characteristic.

Passing through this gateway, you enter into the Great Quadrangle of the palace. The change which two years has produced here is truly surprising. The first grand alteration which strikes the eye (as in viewing the exterior) is the great additional height of the edifice. This effect has been produced not only by the story added to the building, as mentioned in our former notice, (No. 211 ,) but by lowering the surface of the whole area, six, and in some places eight feet. On the south and east sides (the only sides yet completed) there is a noble corridor all round, forming a gallery, which for size and splendour can have few rivals. In the south-east angle here is a private entrance to the apartments appropriated to the King's personal occupation, which run along the whole of the eastern front. The Great Gallery in the corridor communicates, at different intervals, with the King's apartments, and with the passages and staircase of the several towers. The ground floor rooms of both the south and east sides are allotted to the officers of the royal household. There have been, in all, no less than three hundred and sixty-nine distinct rooms constructed on the south and east sides.

The style of architecture exemplified in these buildings is usually called the Gothic; but, considering the barbarous ideas usually associated with that term, we think it might be more fitly denominated the "Decorated English of the 14th century." Structures erected in this style, as Mr. Brewer has well remarked (Introduction to the Beauties of England and Wales), "present, in the assemblage of their several perfections, *the single surprising instance* in which the middle ages were enabled to produce an excellence in the ornamental arts, independent of all imitation of the sublime simplicity of Greece and Rome." That times rude and barbarous in every thing else should have produced such magnificent specimens of architecture—not only of vast magnitude, but of most scientific and tasteful construction is indeed a most astonishing anomaly. Examine any part of a Gothic structure—its pendentive ceiling, or deep-seated groin you will recognize at once a geometrical skilfulness in combination, which even the most enlightened and polished ages have not surpassed. The perfection which the art of architecture singly attained in these times, is generally allowed to have been owing to the institution of Freemasonry, and to the superior honours and privileges conferred on the members of that craft. According to Sir Christopher Wren (Parentalia) the Freemasons consisted of associated bands of itinerant builders, who ranged from one country to another, as they found churches and castles to build, enjoyed many valuable immunities, and were favoured alike by clergy and laity. Among the most remarkable of the privileges they enjoyed, was that of fixing their own prices of labour, &c. Individuals of the highest rank sought with avidity the honour of being admitted a member of the craft. Sir Christopher Wren himself filled the office of Grand Master at a later period—a fact the more remarkable, considering the extreme dislike, (not always to the advantage of his reputation) which he showed to the style of his Masonic predecessors. The Grecian style of architecture, which Wren laboured so much to introduce, has almost entirely superseded the Gothic in this country; but much might, we think, be advanced, to show that the change has neither been in conformity with the taste of the people, nor with the circumstances of a northern climate.

The Grecian style is that of the glade and bower; the Gothic that of the mountain and forest. The one is best suited to buildings of one height, and to a mild and serene climate; the other to lofty fabrics in a region of storms and tempests. The Grecian admits not, in strictness, of windows (the light in Grecian buildings being admitted from above, and but a slender roofing from the weather being required); the Gothic is peculiarly adapted to their introduction, and is therefore the more suitable of the two to a wintry climate like ours.

ORDER OF THE BATH.

[FROM THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER.]

A number of an able periodical lately published (*The Retrospective Review,*) in answer to a correspondent, has the following paragraph respecting the banners &c. belonging to the Companions of this Honourable Order, which according to the provisions of the *Gazette*, declaring its enlargement in January 1815, were to be affixed, *en regle*, in Westminster Abbey:—

"Although we confess our inability to solve what has always struck us as an extraordinary mystery, we cannot refrain from offering a few remarks upon the subject. Not only did the Government pledge itself that this distinction should form part of the honors attached to the new classes of the Order of the Bath, but each officer, upon whom the cross was conferred, has actually *paid for his banner and plate*; and we are informed, that the sums received for that purpose, and for a copy of the statutes, amount to some thousand pounds. This happened in a majority of cases nearly thirteen years ago, and not a banner is yet suspended, a plate fixed, or a copy of the statutes issued. The interest must form a trifling sum; but what has become of the principal, the persons thus mulcted know nothing. The money however, is comparatively speaking, a trifling consideration: they naturally and justly consider, that to have their ensigns and names placed in that splendid edifice would be a far more permanent and gratifying distinction than the personal decoration of any other privilege attached to the Order. But how many of those heroes have died before that promise has been fulfilled, if, indeed, it will ever be performed.

We have also had our attention called to this very case, which under all the circumstances appears a very bad one. From the information we have received upon the subject, it appears, that a great deal of carelessness has attended this "extension of the Order" from its commencement. The Order itself experienced a revival, equal to a new creation, in 1725, by letters patent under the Great Seal, and every alteration or addition to its statutes or ordinances, previous to 1815, was uniformly made by warrant under the sign manual, countersigned by the Secretary for the Home Department. At the last mentioned period, however, when it was resolved by Government to transform it into a sort of Legion of Honour, no authority whatever was then, or has been, we believe to this hour, ever been made public, except a mere unsigned notification in the London Gazette With regard to the collection of the fees of honour, however, it is but justice to say, that all due diligence seems to have been used; and although we are aware that a circular was issued to the first batch of Knight's Commanders of the Order, informing them that they were not to pay "the fees of knighthood" on receiving the *accolade*, yet even those fees were, by mistake of course, demanded, but very properly refused. The fees to be paid to the officers of arms attendant on the second and third classes, were by the same document fixed as follows:

	£	s.	d.
For the Escutcheon } To be affixed in West- }	8	0	0
For the Banner } minster Abbey }	5	0	0
For Recording the Pedigree and Service in the Books of the Order	7	8	0
For Copy of the Rules and Ordinances	1	1	0
	£21	19	0

all which was *absolutely paid.* Nor was this all. Among the officers whose gallantry it was proposed to reward, some were far more distinguished by personal than ancestral honours. In these cases, and they were numerous, an armorial coat was to be legally obtained and registered in the Herald's College, at an expence of from 60l. to 70l. before it could be emblazoned on the banner *for Westminster Abbey.* This too, was complied with, and the money paid—for nothing; since it is notorious, that not a banner, nor a plate, has been yet erected in that venerable fabric, or elsewhere, upon the occasion. The answer, we understand, given to those who have made enquires upon the subject, has been, that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster have refused their permission. If these reverend gentlemen *possess the power* thus to render ineffectve a national measure, surely some means should have been taken in the first instance, to obtain or *purchase* their acquiescence, without relying *intirely* for their consent, on the addition this display of heraldry would make to the show which they exhibit to the public at per head. But what is to be said with regard to the "Copy of Rules and Ordinances," for which so many single "guineas" have been disbursed? The number of Knights Commanders created between 1815 and the present time, has exceeded 230: of Companions, 560;—here is upwards of 800l. paid into the Heralds College, for which it alone is responsible. Surely Garter King at Arms is not so very costive an author but he might have been able to produce a small pamphlet, with the assistance of *Clarencieux Norroy*, and a variety of other gentlemen, whose titles delight and astonish us, in something less than 13 years. Had only half the cash been "paid at the time of subscribing," the rest to be forth-coming on delivery, we shrewdly suspect the publication would not have been delayed, thirteen days. We shall only add, for the present, that if it be found impossible or inconvenient to perform the promises held forth in the prospectus, common honesty dictates a return of the money; but "Dry, Restitution?—No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me."

TAX ON NEWSPAPERS.

There are few articles, even in this country of taxation, so heavily taxed as a newspaper, reckoning the duty on paper, as well as the stamp, about *half* the usual retail price is tax—considerably more than half the wholesale price, or that which the proprietor re-

(Continued in the third Supplement.)

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WEDNESDAY, 23d APRIL 1828.

(*Cotinued from the Second Supplement.*)

ceives. As a direct impost on the spread of information and the discussion of Political topics, such a tax is disgraceful to any Government which professes to desire the enlightenment of the people, and to protect the Liberty of the Press; while merely as a measure of finance, it is too exorbinant for its own object, and like the old duties on wines, &c. produces less to the revenue than a lower rate would yield. To illustrate this effect, it is necessary to state, that if the stamp were reduced from 3 & 1-5th d. to one penny, and the duty on the paper taken off, a newspaper would be sold for fourpence; and we conceive that a *fourfold* increase in the total number of newspapers printed might in consequence be safely calculated on. We are inclined to think it would be a good deal more, seeing the large quantity of cheap periodicals which are purchased by those who cannot afford sevenpence for a newspaper, although it has ten times the attraction for them. But take it at fourfold—and the revenue would gain something by the change. We are prepared to contend, that even if there were a *certainty* of loss, the excessive taxation of newspapers should be reduced: a tax on publicity and civilization is scarcely more defensible than a tax on justice; and the principle of the latter was abandoned by Lord GODERICH, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, in remitting all the duties on law proceedings, So far however from a certainty of loss to the revenue by a reduction of the newspaper stamp duty, there is a probability of a gain; and if Ministers refuse to encounter a trifling risk for so important a good, it will be pretty evident that motives unconnected with the revenue influence their determination; in other words, that they are secretly enemies to the freedom of the press, and would gladly effect, under colour of a financial measure, a practical restriction upon its power and prosperity, which they would not venture expressly to enact. We do not suspect the present Ministry however of any such meanness or insincerity. Ever since the last accession of Mr. CANNING to office—(who was a man of too much spirit and talent to play the part of a cowardly oppressor against the Press—not to mention, that he had himself used it freely in his time)—Government has protected the Press in the enjoyment of a degree of practical liberty greater perhaps than it ever before possessed—at least as far as regards the discussion of *public* affairs or public men. The disgraceful manner in which the law of libel permits the Press to be harassed and crippled by the blackguards and pettifoggers whom it exposes for the public good has no reference to the temper of the Executive on this subject; though we trust the occurrences of the present year, in illustration of the law of private libel, will prepare all parties in Parliament, except the *mere* bigots, to support such an alteration in the law as will place honest journalists less than they now are at the mercy of the most shameless scoundrels that infest society.

Looking therefore to the manly and truly politic toleration which the Press has experienced for many years from the Executive, we feel assured that as the present Government would certainly have never *imposed* the enormous tax on newspapers, it will not continue it in violation of its own professions, and in the face of what almost amounts to a demonstration that the revenue would lose nothing by the reduction. We believe few remissions of taxes would be so popular; and we are confident, that if—contrary to all our calculations—the stamp office revenue were to fall off in consequence, the public would cheerfully submit to have the deficiency made good by a small increase in some other existing impost.

The advertisement duty stands in much the same predicament as the stamp duty. It is *excessive* in respect even to revenue. We are sure that Mr. HUSKISSON and Lord GODERICH need no argument to be convinced that a duty of 1s. or 1s. 6d. on every advertisement would yield as much to the Exchequer as the present preposterous duty of 3s. 6d. *This* tax effects not only the newspapers, but the whole trading community in a very important degree. Advertising has become absolutely indispensable to many traders—very useful to all. The reduction of the duty would be to them a very gratifying boon.

We might remind the Ministry that when the duties on *wines* were reduced, the diminution of the revenue was risked more than it would be in the case of newspapers, and for surely a less desirable object. But we trust the merits of the question are by this time sufficiently understood by the leading members of the Cabinet. We shall only add, that when the subject is discussed, the small yet very mischievous and absurd duty on pamphlets and small works should not be forgotten, seeing that its whole produce is literally insignificant—the expence of its collection considerable—and its effect really oppressive upon many instructive little periodicals of a low price.

VANITY.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

It is M. Fearon, we believe, who relates the anecdote of the Negro Barber, in New York, who was quite indignant at the idea of his being capable of submitting to the degradation of shaving Negroes. A trait hardly characteristic occurred at Bow-street. We allude to the alarm into which poor Townsend was thrown at the idea, that the hands which had taken Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes, should be dishonoured by coming in contact with Barbers. "Why, Sir Richard Birnie," said the Veteran, I beg leave to tell you, that I think it would lessen me a great deal if I were to execute a warrant upon a Barber after forty-six years' service, during which period I have had the honour of taking Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes. No, no, Sir Richard; let the Barber fight if he likes it; but don't let me be degraded by executing the warrant." And he then proceeded to name a number of individuals of rank, whom he had been employed to take.

It would not occur to an individual of elevated rank, in the situation of a Judge, that there was any more degradation in administering justice to a beggar than in his administering it to the highest Dignitary in the land. Yet the feeling of Townsend was quite natural, that, in being employed to execute the law, which makes no distinction, in letter, between the high and the low, against a poor man, he was degrading himself. The Black Barber, of New York, uneasy under the load of degradation which pressed on his race, was glad to escape from the reality, by laying hold of the circumstance of his being in constant contact with his despisers, to identify himself in imagination with them. In the same manner, in a country in which the distinctions of rank and wealth are sharply marked, the lower orders either endeavour, like Burns, to brave the contempt which attaches to them, by persuading themselves that

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gow'd for a' that—

a sort of manifesto, by-the-by, which is about as indicative of self satisfaction as the

> "Whistling aloud to bear his courage up"

is of tranquility of mind; or they, like Townsend, catch hold of any little accident—such as shaving a Lord, or arresting him, or holding his horse, or holding a bason to him when he is sick? to escape in idea from their condition; availing themselves of the very circumstances which mark their inferiority to prove their elevation. I have shaved a white man—I am a black man—I, therefore, mark the degradation of the black men, of whom I am one, the more by refusing to shave black men! I am a low man, but I have arrested high men; and by refusing to arrest low men, of whom I am one, I in like manner mark the more pointedly the degradation of the class to which I belong.

Any man who has looked around him with attention must have witnessed, in servants, waiters at inns, and others in humble stations, the aid which vanity—though what we must call a benevolent provision of nature—affords to the low, by enabling them to escape, by imaginary distinctions from what is a real evil, the feeling of being an object of contempt.

As distinction is every thing in the world, it is natural that men of rank should endeavour to maintain it, in as many cases as they possibly can; and equally natural that others should endeavour to break down the barriers which constitute the distinction, It is, therefore, quite natural that men of rank should feel uneasy at the distinction which they have long enjoyed, in their manner of deciding quarrels, ceasing to be over, from the lower adopting the same manner. Lord Ellenborough, we remember, gave great offence to the mercantile aristocracy in the City, in a case where one merchant had posted another for a coward, by observing that traders would be much better employed in posting their ledgers than in posting each other. But if the innovation of merchants posting each other should have been considered dangerous, what must be the farther step of bakers & barbers posting each other? But then as this is an age of intellect, the diffusion of Duelling, as the Reporter indicated by the heading which he gave to the case is the result of the march of intellect. "You know, Mr. Minshull," said the ingenious Mr. Townsend, "that many strong arguments have been used in favour of the practice among persons of rank, and it has been asserted that it operates as a check upon those who would otherwise violate the decorum, and outrage the feelings of polished society." So far, so good, Mr. Townsend; but then you add, "for barbers and the cutters of cabbage stalks to fight duels, is the height of absurdity." But if barbers and cutters of cabbage stalks wish to observe the decorum, and to possess the feelings of polished society; and if shooting each other be an infallible specific in the case of men of rank, for preventing all violation of decorum and good feeling, is it not natural that cutters of cabbage stalks and barbers, anxious, to attain or at least approximate as closely as possible, the perfection of these elevated models, should wish to recur to the same specific? This comes of reasoning. Say it is the duty of every man to elevate himself as high in the scale of moral improvement as he possibly can—say that barbers and cabbage cutters, being in this world in a state of probation to fit them for another, and that, consequently, they can never be too highly improved; that no man can be too, decorous, or possess too much delicacy of feeling and you at once justify the use of the means which experience has proved to be best adapted for giving these qualities. "God forbid," said a Court Preacher, before Louis XIV., "that ormocie-meading the forgiveness of injuries, I should be thought to recommend that any gentleman should bear with what might tarnish his honour." But what is good for gentlemen is good for all, if all are to have the same object in view.

There is nothing like pushing an argument as far as it will go, if we wish to try its soundness. If duelling be good for giving delicacy in one case, it will be good in another. According to this principle, the Yankees, who are constantly rifling each other, should be the most delicate and decorous of human kind. Are they one whit better behaved than other people because all are duellists?

There is certainly no reason why Barbers and Cutters of Cabbages should not pistol each other as well as their betters; but were they to do so generally, we believe the circumstances would serve wonderfully to aid the higher ranks in seeing the futility of the reasons for the practice. If general challenges were to be recognised, it would be seen, that so far from the practice contributing to improve behaviour, it would have the very contrary effect, for the turbulent, relying on his insensibility, would often be tempted to encroach on more valuable men than himself. Duelling is not abused at present, because it is had recourse to chiefly by persons of consequence, who, by behaving ill, would lose the opinion of those with whom they associate. It is the influence of this opinion which secures the good behaviour, and not the duelling which has a directly contrary tendency, by allowing the exhibition of bravery to diminish the disgust which offensive conduct is calculated to cause. Duelling is a remnant of an age when men were obliged to do themselves justice, from being unable to obtain it from any other hand. It has not polished society, but the polish of society has rendered it less noxious than it was in a more barbarous age.

In France, the feeling of equality, arising out of the Revolution, has made duelling universal, and will allow no man to refuse a challenge from an individual, however low, without subjecting him to dishonour.

PIRACY AND MURDER.

A small pamphlet has reached this country, from America, giving a brief sketch of the occurrences on board the United States Brig Crawford, while on her voyage from Matanzas to New York; and also a detail of the trial and conviction of the three Spanish murderers, Jose Helario Casares, Felix Barbeito, and Jose Marando. This was a case of the most deliberate perfidy and atrocious cruelty, and though a short account has already been laid before the Public, the following detail will be perused with considerable interest:—Alexander Tardy, he daring spirit who planned and directed these atrocities, was a native of St. Domingo. He spoke several languages and was destitute of all feeling and religious restraint. He was of such a dogged disposition, that he was rather incited to the perpetration of crime than deterred by the danger of detection: he was young when he arrived in Philadelphia, where he engaged in mercantile business, but failed for want of attention. He went to sea for some time, and after his return, being detected stealing a pocket-book from Colonel Wilde's stage coach-office in Boston, he was punished with three years' confinement in the state prison. Ever afterwards he was animated with the most deadly hatred of the Americans, and revenge was the ruling passion of his mind. He resolved to seize the brig Cawford, murder the crew, run the vessel into some port, and, having obtained a sufficient number of hands, to sail for Hamburgh, where he intended to dispose of the brig and cargo. For nine doubloons he got the necessary papers in Havannah, and selected the three Spaniards already named as his associates in this heinous enterprise. The vessel sailed on the 28th of May, with a crew of seven men, and seven male passengers. Tardy had some knowledge of medicine, and he resolved to murder the people on board by poison, rather than have recourse to the more perilous plan of assailing them by force. On the 3d day of their voyage, some deleterious substance was infused among chocolate, which sickened the whole crew. They soon recovered, but the circumstance excited suspicion, and the Spaniards were obliged to mess afterwards by themselves, About midnight of the 3d June, Tardy and his three associates commenced the work of homicide. Brandishing long knives, which they had provided for the purpose, they assailed the unsuspecting crew. Three were instantly driven overboard, and the rest were stabbed or shot, and in a few minutes the murderers were masters of the vessel. Having completed their work of destruction, the Spaniards set up shouts of exultation, and strode the deck like demons, with their faces, hands, and clothes, dyed in blood. Recourse was had to a bottle of liquor, over which they boasted of their individual achievements, and of the dexterity with which they had used their deadly weapons; and on examining the body of Mr. Robinson, the murderer with fiendish triumph declared that it was the best blow he had ever struck in his life, as it had "exactly divided the heart." The mate, cook, and a French passenger, were alone spared to aid in working the vessel. The American flag, the log book, and the documents belonging to the vessel were destroyed, and the papers Tardy had provided were substituted. After some consideration, it was resolved to sail for Norfolk, in Virginia, and on the 12th of June they came to anchor at Old Point Comfort. The mate so managed matters, that he got ashore at Fort Monroe, and gave instant information to the officers there of what had happened, who took possession of the vessel. As soon as Tardy saw the mate sculling the boat for the shore, he descended to the cabin, where he cut his throat from ear to ear, and the officers on their arrival found him quite dead. The Spaniards go ashore in another boat, and they were taken after a chace of 25 miles into the interior, On the 16th of July they were brought to trial in the Circuit Court of the United States at Richmond, before Chief Justice Marshall. It being considered unnecessary to try them for murder, they were tried for piracy only; and being convicted, were executed on the 17th of August.—*Scotsman.*

NELL GWYN.

The singular coincidence of the mother of the first, and the wife of the present Duke of St. Albans, being of the same profession, the following similarities, as characteristic of these fortunate fair ones may not be entirely unworthy of notice. Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn was eminently charitable in her prosperity,—so was Miss Melon—so was Mrs. Coutts—so is the Duchess of St. Albans. Miss Melon, whilst on a professional excursion at one of the provincial towns, made a morning visit to the wife of one of the actors, who was in distress. In the same house which was let in tenements, some poor lodger having experienced a sudden accident, a medical gentleman immediately attended, to administer to the sufferer, when, among other necessaries, flannel was ordered. The parties had none, and were too poor to purchase, when Miss M., retiring to a back room, immediately returned with a supply, torn into slips, and presenting them observed to the wife, "here, good woman, is what is required—apply it instantly, for it is well, aired." Need it be added, she had taken off her own petticoat. The promptitude of this act could only have originated in a kind and generous heart, which, acting from pure impulse, admitted no squeamish thought of impropriety to check the current of her native benevolence. She added from her purse that which afforded further relief. Eleanor Gwyn is said to have been mainly instrumental to the founding of Chelsea Hospital. The king (Charles II.) had long projected that noble institution, but his procrastinating spirit was not suffered to rest until he set about it, her active exertions rousing him to begin the work of mercy—and, when began, she used all her influence to urge him to its completion. Mrs. Coutts was known for her liberal consideration towards public performers; at private entertainments, she not only rewarded them liberally, but by her example excited others to do the like. Eleanor Gwyn's similar kind offices are upon record; among others, the following is not the least amusing; she was, at times, the gayest creature of all the "white squadron" of Charles's thoughtless court: Boman, (cognomened in his old age, Solemn Boman) in his youth was famed for his voice. He was one evening appointed to sing some part in a concert of music, at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwyn, at which were only present the King, the Duke of York, and one or two more who were usually admitted upon those detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the king expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations, "Then, sir," said the lady, "to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present." The king said he had no money about him, and asked of the Duke if he had any? To which the duke replied, I believed, sir, not above a guinea or two. Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and making bold with the king's common expression, cried, "*Od's fish! what company am I got into?*",—*Literary Chronicle.*

Allan Cunningham has in the Press a Prose Romance, bearing the name of Sir Michael Scott, of whose fame our songs and legends are full. The Border Wizard was the Faustus of Britain, with this material difference—the Devil conjured the German, but the more fortunate Scott vanquished the Devil. The author has woven into his narrative many of the dark beliefs and poetic superstitions of the people, and promises us a kind of Northern Arabian Nights, full of wild deeds and marvellous adventures.

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